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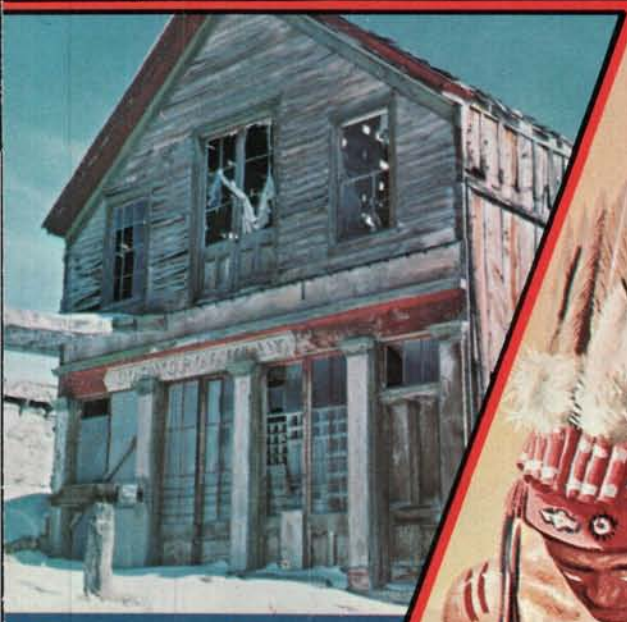

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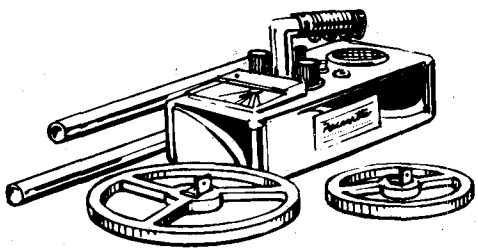

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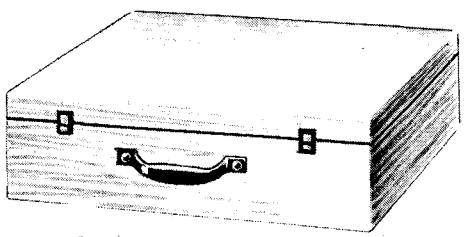

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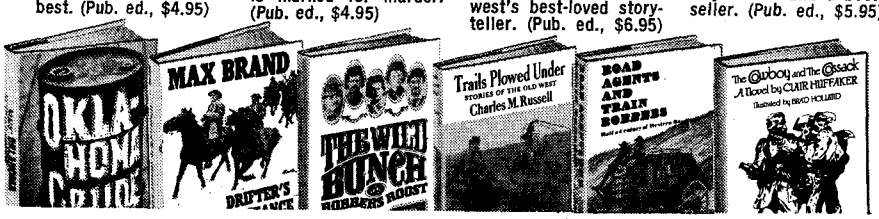

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

APRIL 1974 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 9

IN THIS ISSUE

6 OLD TIMERS CORNER

8 THE MAIL POUCH

9 PEN PALS

10 FRONTIER LIFE INSURANCE

12 THE FOOTLOOSE FIDDLER

16 SECRET OF THE MURDERER'S LOOT

20 CRAZY SNAKE—REDSKIN SPIELER

22 AMADEO PETER GIANNINI, BANKING GENIUS

26 CATTLE KING OF MUD CREEK

28 NELSON STORY OUT—FOUGHT CRAZY HORSE

32 SCALPING OF WILLIAM THOMPSON

COVER STORY

34 TONOPAH IS SURROUNDED BY GHOSTS

38 SAGA OF A GREAT SCOUT

40 COURAGE OF ROBERT AND LUCY GILBERT

42 THAT GOOD DALTON BOY

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS COLD HORSES AND MY FIRST BIKE

AS I START to write this it seems like I can hardly believe what comes to my memory about my school days, but I attest it is true as I lived it. I am not adding to it, though there may be some detail I may not get written down as many years have elapsed and I went ahead to other adventures since. I say adventures as life to me has been one great adventure after another.

I don't know whether one would say bragging or complaining but that is the way it seems to me.

The school I attended was a small, one-room log cabin equipped with a box-type stove that was built long with a flat top and a door in the front end with a hearth projecting out aways for convenience in cleaning out the ashes. And it had a large piece of tin under it to protect the floor, and also was more easily cleaned of ashes and charcoal.

As none of us cared for the job of cutting wood, which would have to be two feet or less in length, we would bring in a log and lay it on a couple of chairs. Then by putting the end in the fire box and leaving the door open all we had to do was sorta watch and when it burned off the end in the fire box we would jump up and push it in a little further then sit down and go ahead with our lessons.

There was also another small one-room log cabin nearby where the teacher could stay providing she did not wish to board with one of the families. And we had to cut wood for her store, which the boys generally did as they all knew how to handle an ax. Besides, we could gain favor this way.

Some of the younger teachers boarded with the families but many of the older more mature ones liked to batch.

You did not need too much of an education in those days. It would suffice if you had an eighth grade diploma. That was all two different schools I went to had to offer in the line of an education. And most children were very lucky in that area if they went as far as the sixth grade before dropping out and going to work. That was the grade at which I also dropped out.

I thought, "Gee, why should I go to school further?" I felt I knew as much as the teacher and besides, the war broke out and every able bodied male was needed to help in the war effort. Also, the big flu epidemic was on and they asked people not to congregate too densely.

Besides that, many of the older people, homesteaders and wood cutters and the like, could not read or write their own names and they seemed to get along okay.

We didn't have very much reading material anyway. And if we needed someone to read a paper you could always find someone willing to read that had the ability, or possibly to pen a letter or co-sign a legal paper while you put down your "X."

But more about the school. This particular school was near the old Oregon Trail, which at that time had developed into a pretty good wagon road and later into U.S. 40 coast to coast.

It served about five or six families, most of which came to school on horseback as the distance was too great to walk in bad weather. Still, I knew of two families that walked to school. Two boys in one family walked two miles. There was also another family of two girls and a younger brother who walked four miles.

I rode a horse the first year but managed to get a bicycle later on as I felt very sorry for the poor horses standing tied to a rail on stormy windy days as there was no shelter of no kind close by. And the nearest timber was about one-half mile away.

As I have often heard the cowpokes say, on a particular cold, windy day, there was nothing between there and the north pole to stop the wind but a homestead fence and somebody had done cut that down. I managed to get the bicycle in this way:

I said to Dad, "Hey, how about getting a bike to ride to school so I won't have to worry about a horse out there in the cold?"

Well I'd just as well have dropped a bomb, so to speak.

He said, "Listen son, buy you a wheel and all those horses out there in the pasture doing nothing? Besides, where do you think the extra money is coming from to get you such a foolish toy?"

Nevertheless, I thought I could find a way to make the money myself, perhaps by trapping and selling furs or something.

Well, as there was getting to be lots of sheep in the country by that time, at least several, bands a year going through to the higher country, one old cowpuncher, I think now as a joke, said, "Sonny, see all that wool on the road fence that is snagged offa them sheep? You know if you would take a gunny sack and pull that off and put it in said sack you could sell it and buy that there bike as wool is pretty expensive. You know how much wool clothes cost."

I mulled that over kid-like and got me some grain sacks. And whenever I went to school or to the neighbors' or just out for a ride the sack was on the back of my saddle.

I found that gathering the amount left on the fence was quite a slow process. So I began to look around for a better way when lo and behold I found that the coyotes were anxious to kill sheep.

I thought, "Well now, if I can locate coyotes who've killed some sheep, no matter to me. I'd get the wool cause they wouldn't eat it anyway.

But how to find these sheep that had been killed? I went again to an old veteran and told him my problem. He studied a bit on it then said, "Follow your nose, sonny, it will lead you right to them."

I knew he was just funnin' me as a lot of people in the area had heard of my project and it was a matter of a lot of jesting, something that caused me to be more determined to work it out.

Then one day I noticed some vultures circling in the sky and I thought I better

(Continued on page 65)

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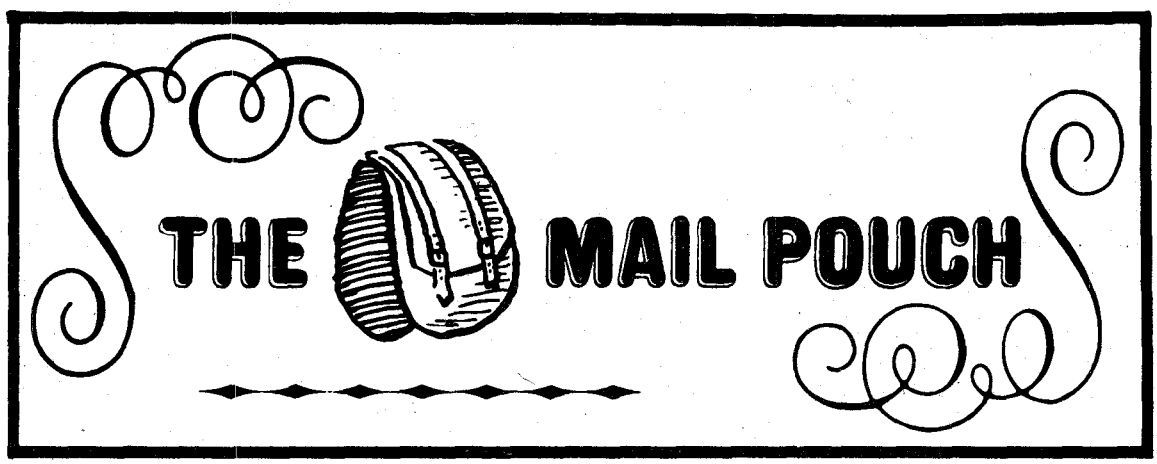

MORE ON THE CASSIDY GANG

In August 1892, Tom McCarty and Matt Warner (alias Ros Lewis) came up to the big bend country in Washington state where they purchased the ranch rights from Sam Breezley for $700. They stocked it with horses and cattle and called it the 7th Ranch, after the brand they adopted.

In September 1892, Tom McCarty, Matt Warner and several others rode across the mountains to Roslyn, Washington and robbed the bank. It was owned by northwest cattle king Ben Snipes. They "broke the bank," which forced Ben to close its doors. All of the gang except Tom McCarty were caught and punished. Tom gave a lawyer $500, then disappeared.

To this day nobody has found any trace of Tom McCarty, and the time and place of his death and burial (if he is dead) is unknown. If he's still living he'd be nearly 100 years old.

I know the burial place of a Joseph McCarty, but there's no way of knowing if it's really Tom or not. This man died in the 1920's, was married and had a family.

I tried to locate some record of the ranch and the persons involved in the sale of it at the courthouse in Ephratee, Washington. But an employee in the auditor's office kept me from making a thorough search by staying in my way most of the time, as if I were going to slip that large ledger in my pocket and walk off with it.

I plan a return trip to the courthouse with a search warrant if needed.

WALT THAYER
Wenatchee, Wash.

CASSIDY IN ALASKA?

In your January 1974 issue, the story on Butch Cassidy was very true.

My grandpap's cousin helped supply the information for a holdup by the daring Wild Bunch. Although he only took part in one holdup (the Wilcox Wyoming Grain job, June 2, 1899), we consider him a Wild Buncher. My grandpap's cousin left the Wild Bunch due to his fear of being caught, and his bad heart.

In 1909, he believed Butch Cassidy dead after the news of San Juancita, Bolivia. But three years later, in the Alaskan gold field, grandpap's cousin saw Butch Cassidy, three years later after his supposed death. Believe it or not.

Grandpap received a letter which his family still has, stating he saw Cassidy and Wyatt Earp. Grandpap told of the meeting many times. I didn't believe him until now.

JERRY THOMAS
El Paso, Texas

INFORMATION WANTED

I have been trying to find information on the black cowboy Bill Pickett. He gave the art of steer wrestling its name. He worked in the Millus Brothers Wild West show in the early 1900s and was killed in about 1932.

If any readers have any information on him, please write to me at 2517 Colorado Blvd. #10, Los Angles, Calif. 90041. It will help me a great deal.

ROBERT GILLUM
Los Angeles, Calif.

MIX-UP

Some months ago you printed my name and address for I asked to hear from fans of the old West. I was making a scrapbook of western stars such as W.S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gene Autry, Rex Allen, Tex Ritter, Tom Tyler, Harry Carey and any other stars of the West.

Someone has taken all my letters from the many folks who wrote me. If you have not heard from me, please write again.

I wish to send a thank you to all those who have written me. I'd like anything on John Wayne, Clint Walker and Elvis Presley.

I find the covers of your magazine make good pictures to frame on the wall of your home.

CHAW MANK
Drawer-Box 30
Staunton, Ill. 62088

WANTS BOOK INFORMATION

I am hoping someone will be able to give me some information about a paperback book I have in my possession entitled "The Ladies' Repository —Devoted to Literature and Religion", dated 1856. It seems to be divided into three parts: 1856-1857-1858 with numerous old pictures and engravings—Cincinnati, New York, Ohio, Boston—R.P. Thompson, Printers. "Terms: two dollars per annum, in advance; no subscription received for less than one entire volume."

If there was written material in it, it is missing, but the over 100 photos/engravings are in excellent condition. Many are various cities, etc. of the 48 states. Any information about the book will be much appreciated.

I continue to enjoy your complete magazine and the following comment of mine excludes GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST. It is my opinion of white authors (in general) of books and so-called "factual articles" on the American Indian, as follows:

"Never before have so many written so much while knowing so little about a great people for so long accomplishing so little good and so much harm and learning so little while doing it and actually helping so few (so far)."

CHEROKEE JUNE CASH
Trail, Oregon

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WILLIAM HOBBS (59)
Box 59
Reading, Minn. 65165
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WANTED: Anyone, preferably the same age.

KENNETH WILLOUGHBY (38)
RR #3, Box 1
Potter, Neb. 69156
INTERESTED IN: ESP, ego power, legends, treasures, tape recording.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

LEE TIDWELL (26)
1024 Don Diablo
Arcadia, Calif. 91006
INTERESTED IN: Old west, horses, and The Wild Bunch.
WANTED: Those having information about Ben Kilpatrick and Laura Bullion.

WARREN SARTWELL (33)
917 Woodward Pl. NW.
Canton, Ohio 44709
INTERESTED IN: Books about Indians and the West.
WANTED: Anyone.

JANE FENN (24)
19 Elk Bay
Thompson, Manitoba, Canada
INTERESTED IN: Old West, horses, painting, music.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

MR. AND MRS. MILTON H. OBROCK (30 & 27)
42 Auburndale Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63141
INTERESTED IN: Indian lore, crafts, dancing, Mexican and Western history.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

NINA PATTON (49)
2540 Churchman
Indianapolis, Ind. 46203
INTERESTED IN: E.S.P., true stories.
WANTED: Anyone, but prefer those in Ky., Tenn., and Ind.

RAYMOND YOUNGBLOOD (58)
206½ W. 12
Kansas City, Mo. 64105
INTERESTED IN: Television and country music.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

VIRGINIA WALSH (52)
Hotel
Hurst, Ill.
INTERESTED IN: Western books, records.
WANTED: Anyone.

HAL MILLER (55)
Box 1805
Phila., Pa. 19105
INTERESTED IN: String music, hypnosis, old west, prospecting.
WANTED: People of same age with similar interests.

(Continued on page 65)

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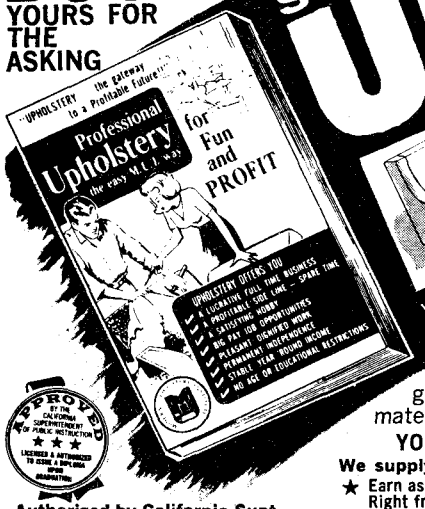

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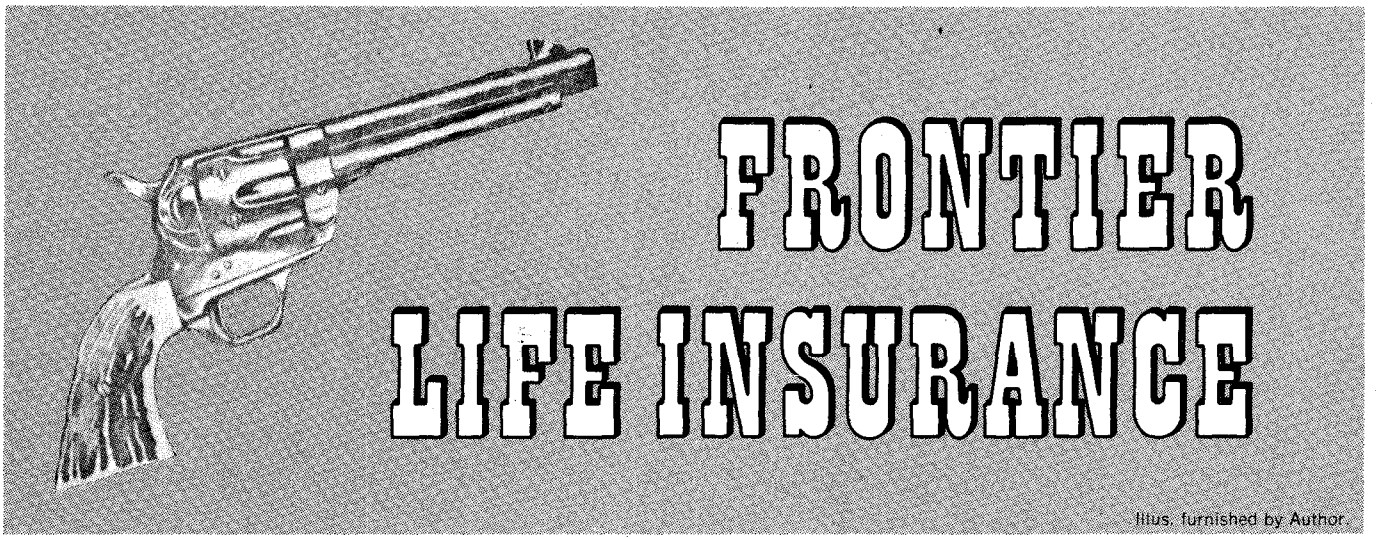

FRONTIER LIFE INSURANCE

Illus. furnished by Author.

A man toting his life insurance strapped to his waist had to be able to perform certain tasks well if he intended to remain alive. All of this had to be done under a certain code. If a man violated this code, he became an outlaw...

by Howard Peterson

THE ROMANCE OF the American "Old West" holds a fascination for both young and old alike which is almost world-wide. Basically the plot is always the same—the good guys against bad guys. When speaking of the American West, there are four common denominators which have escaped the ravages of time. These are the locale, the horse, the gun, and the people. The gun holds the key to the drama—death in a man's hand—the "moment of truth."

With the advent of a reliable pistol it suddenly became dangerous to push people around. Regardless of a person's stature or brawn, in the time span of an eye-wink some old wizened and bearded prospector, or cheap dance hall floozy, could send you to eternity. Conditions in the lawless areas forced the westerners to acquire the ability to get a pistol into instant action if he was interested in staying alive.

Samuel Colt was born on July 19th, 1814, in the Lord's Hill section of Hartford, Connecticut. He went to sea at an early age to seek adventure. While at sea he perfected his idea of a revolving pistol, and in 1835 he secured patents for it.

In that same year Colt's Patent Arms Manufacturing Company was formed to produce his pistols for public sale, but due to imperfections, and lack of public interest, the company became insolvent in 1842 because there were too few sales. In 1847, after making several improvements in design, Colt became successful in marketing a small number of his revolvers, and sales increased steadily. In 1852, a large armory was built in Hartford, turning out his pistols and also the machinery for the manufacture of his pistols. This company (also Eli Whitney) conceived the idea of interchanging parts. From that point this practice was introduced into American manufacturing procedures.

This particular contribution to industrial development, interchanging parts, is at least as important as Colt's invention of repeating pistols.

Colt was a smart promoter, extraordinarily vigorous, enterprising, a hustler. He had a good business sense. He was a great organizer, and his patents almost monopolized the pistol field for decades.

Controversy over Colt's patents became major issues. Call Colt what you will, but it behooves us all to remember that he did invent the Paterson, the Walker, the Dragoon, and the 1860 Army. His ideas on a revolving pistol changed military tactics all over the world. Colt's revolving pistols had a stunning impact on history achieved by no other commercial product in this field. Try as one may, Colt's place in American History is not to be shaken.

Whenever we refer to life insurance today we are concerned with a scrap of paper which will pay a beneficiary a sum of money upon death. Such was not the case during the wild and lawless yesteryear of the Old West. A man had to tote his own particular form of life insurance for survival against wolves, snakes, and the most vicious killer of them all—man.

When Sam Colt made all men on this untamed frontier "equal" it was with the lightning-action holster gun, which had the ability to deliver a crushing, man-stopping blow at short range and upon exactly no notice.

Samuel Colt invented revolving pistol.

Just because a man felt he was right was of small solace when a cunning adversary offered violence. The law has always done its best to protect those in the right, but sometimes this legal aid can come too late to do much good. However, a dependable sidearm—an equalizer—was something upon which a man could depend.

When everybody carried a gun, serious arguments were settled conclusively. The loser wasn't just embarrassed, or roughed up, or out of a job. He was *dead.*

The eminence of this frontier life insurance rested squarely upon the revolutionary concept that one man was as good as another. This concept came from the relationship of a lone man to a hostile environment. Philosophers and politicians had worked out this idea along about the beginning of history, but it was never *really* true prior to the appearance of the repeating pistol. The legal and construc-

(Continued on page 44)

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HE WAS THE MOST ELUSIVE AND PRIZED GAME IN THE OLD WEST

THE MOUNTAIN BUFFALO

by Sam Hamelton

"ALL MORNING AND EARLY afternoon we have walked, tumbled, and sometimes crawled through the deep narrow gorges in the mountain wilds of the Tarryall range, between Pike's Peak and the South Park. Early in the morning, after three days searching, we found the tracks of that rare game animal, the prize of all prizes for a hunter.

"Following the tracks that went down deep gorges, over almost vertical cliffs, we were still looking for the animal so few hunters ever saw. And then, suddenly, we saw them, a herd of twenty of those strange animals, lying on a ledge not more than 300 feet wide and 900 feet long. This ledge was connected with the slope of the mountain by a narrow neck.

"We had trouble controlling our excitement. After weeks and months of searching for this animal, to find ourselves looking down at twenty of them was excitement enough to cause our hearts to pound against our ribs. The wind was in our favor and we crept down the rocky slope, got near the neck connecting the ledge with the mountain slope, when my foot stepped on a small boulder and it went tumbling down the mountainside.

"It didn't come within 200 feet of the animals, but all they needed to flee was any unusual sound. And how they fled. They disappeared over the edge of the ledge and we were sure we would find them dead many, many feet below. But, when we got to the ledge and looked down, we didn't see any dead animals. These amazing animals had run down that vertical cliff and had escaped into a valley far below, and were now deep in the heavy grass and woods that surrounded the open space of the valley.

"And that was our last attempt to bag one of these strange animals."

This was part of a letter to Fred M. Ellman, Watertown, New York, from his brother Ernest, dated September 14, 1868, apparently written that night in camp. The strange and rare animal he refers to was the mountain buffalo, sometimes called the wood buffalo, the rarest and most mysterious of all animals in the Old West. The old-time mountaineers never called this animal a "buffalo." To them it was always a "bison."

Although the mountain buffalo was related to the prairie buffalo, there was no more similarity between them than there is between a tough little cow pony and a well bred and well fed horse. The mountain buffalo's body was lighter and his legs shorter but much thicker and stronger. These short and sturdy legs enabled the mountain buffalo to perform feats of climbing mountain slopes that would have been imposible for the larger and more awkward prairie buffalo.

And while his prairie cousin went in herds of thousands, and seldom made any attempt to keep out of sight of the white hunter, few men ever saw a mountain buffalo. Still fewer were ever able to kill one. The mountain buffalo was shy, inhabiting the dense and dark mountain defiles or the craggy, almost precipitous sides of a mountain, which only the most trained mountaineer could hope to scale.

From the tops of the mountains rimming the park-like areas, rains have cut deep gorges, which plunge straight down to the valleys below, often a thousand feet down. Usually, at the bottom of such a gorge there is a mountain stream fed by a spring, and around it grows heavy meadow grass; while on the other side of the stream is a jungle of pine, aspen, spruce and other mountain trees.

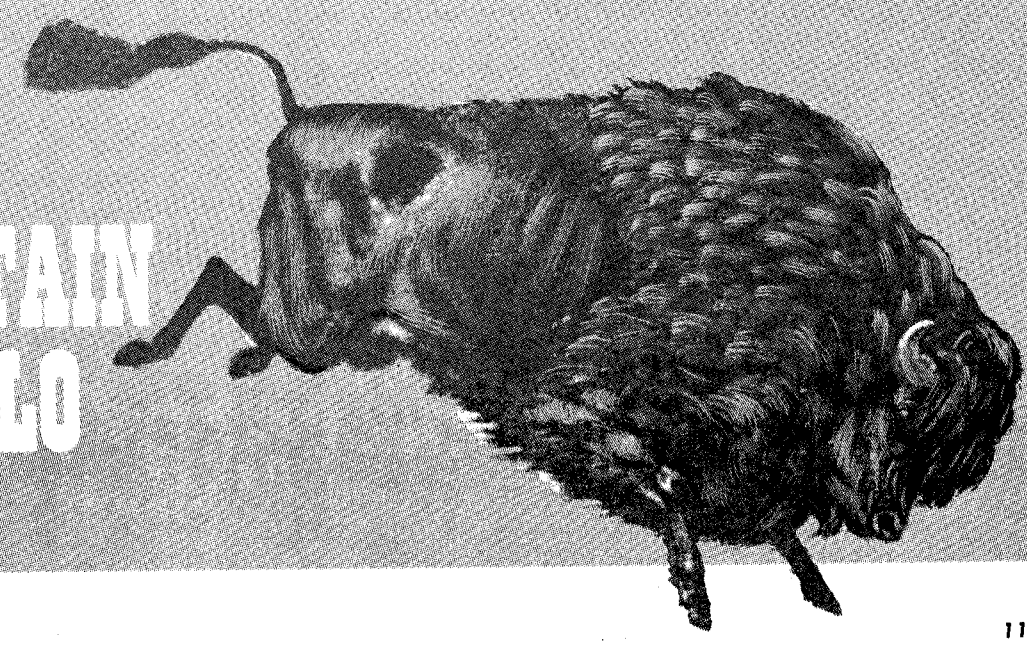
These valleys or the gorges were the favorite haunts of the rare mountain buffalo. At dawn, they would fill themselves with the rich heavy grass along the mountain spring, quench their thirst with the cool soft water, and then, appetites satisfied, they would retire to the jungle of pines and aspen and spruce, and lie down at the edge of that jungle where they could watch everything. While one remained awake as a lookout, the others would sleep until wakened by hunger, and they would feed again on the nutritious grass.

Then, around four in the afternoon, the small group—they never ran in large herds—would pick a ledge where the sun was bright, and there would sun themselves for a period of an hour or so. Unlike his prairie counterpart, the mountain buffalo never stared at an intruder. At the slightest sign of danger —at the slightest noise such as the rolling stone from Ernest Ellman's foot— the mountain buffalo would disappear as if by magic. A steep cliff never bothered him. He was as surefooted as a mountain goat, and could flee down a vertical cliff with amazing speed.

It was claimed by the old-time mountain men that the scarcity of the mountain buffalo was due to the severe winter of 1844-45, when thousands perished in the deep gorges filled with snow. That winter was one of the worst in history, and may explain why so few buffalo have ever been seen in the Laramie Basin. Thousands upon thousands perished that winter.

Whatever the reason for the scarcity of the mountain buffalo, this animal was so prized that any mountain man would have given a year's catch of pelts to say he had killed one.

Are there any of these strange buffalo still in the deep and secret gorges of the Rocky and the Sierra Mountains today? Nobody has reported seeing any, but, for that matter, very few did in the old days when hunters by the hundred went after them. ●



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Blowdown at Winterset, Iowa, (1917), demolished bleachers; tent was torn and flattened; Charlie

THE FOOTLOOSE FIDDLER

Footloose and happy he always was, and always in love with his profession. Even that excruciatingly embarrassing occasion when the wise-guy midget put the red-light girls up to public mischief...

Author's Illustrations.

Footloose Fiddler himself: Charles "Fudger" Jones, about 1908.

by R. Roland Schmidt

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE sharp, cold January days in the little Iowa town of Dunlap; the crisp kind of a day that quickly turns a person's exhaled breath into misty vapor and is replete with soft, crunchy sounds as shoes press footprints into the snow. Throughout the little town of 1,500 souls there was a happy buzzing of excitement when the news got around that a real, honest-to-goodness "Brownie Show" performance was planned for their community later that month.

Brownie Shows were the going thing in the 1890's, and the people of Dunlap felt it was high time that the "theatre" recognized their city for the growing thing that it was as the year 1897 made its debut. This is why they were so elated when they learned that they were to be blessed with a performance. The producer-director and his wife (who comprised the total management of the sponsoring company) were bringing the costumes to Dunlap. They were to put together a theatrical demonstration using high school talent in the acting parts. It would be a great night for Dunlap, the people decided, when their homegrown performers took to the stage.

The cast was set in short order, using the finest talent the little community could muster, but the producers soon found they were one performer short. They still needed a lad, not yet in his teens, to act out the part of a junior-sized policeman, and the call went out to the local school marm for help.

Did she know a kid about 10 years old who could step up on the stage and not lose his voice? A kid who could speak his lines in a loud, audible tone; a kid who wouldn't suffer from stage fright at the last minute in front of all those people?

It so happened that the teacher did know such a boy, a 10-year-old named Charlie Jones. The local livery owner had playfully nicknamed him "fudger" when he thought he spotted the lad cheating in a marble game with his cronies some time before, she explained, and the name had stuck. This boy had a loud voice in ordinary conversation, she told the promoters, and absolutely no crisis seemed to shake him up. Charlie's teacher felt he would make a perfect "brownie" policeman.

Fudger was recruited for the part, learned his lines, and nobody spoke out louder than he did on January 29 when "The Brownies In Fairyland" thoroughly delighted Dunlap. The lad demonstrated a flair for showmanship that night, but he also caught a blood-tingling bug which was to propel him into show business and keep him there for the next half-century.

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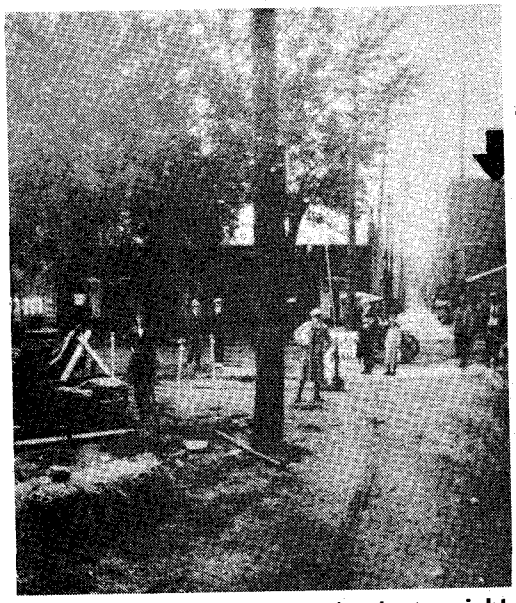

stands under arrow, at extreme right.

This is a recent photo of Charles and Violet Jones taken at Prescott, Ariz.

Beautiful Violet Mortimer (Jones) photographed in the costume she wore for a character performance, about 1913.

The poor lad was incurably infected with the "show biz" bug and "suffered" from it for the remainder of his natural life—a life which has already spanned 84 years and still shows no outward sign of wilting or letting up even a smidgen.

Today, more than 70 years after that first performance, a retired, white-haired Charles Jones likes nothing better than to sit with his wife, Violet, a former actress, on the shaded wooden porch of their mobile home north of Phoenix, Arizona. There he and his friends reminisce about the way it used to be in the days when musicians and actors traveled their circuits almost entirely by railroad car, and took their tent theatres along with them as they spread their culture and a classic brand of entertainment throughout the West.

(Continued on page 59)

The Chase-Lister bandsmen looked sharp, all dressed up in their red and gold uniforms... Charlie, 3rd from right, top row; about 1908.

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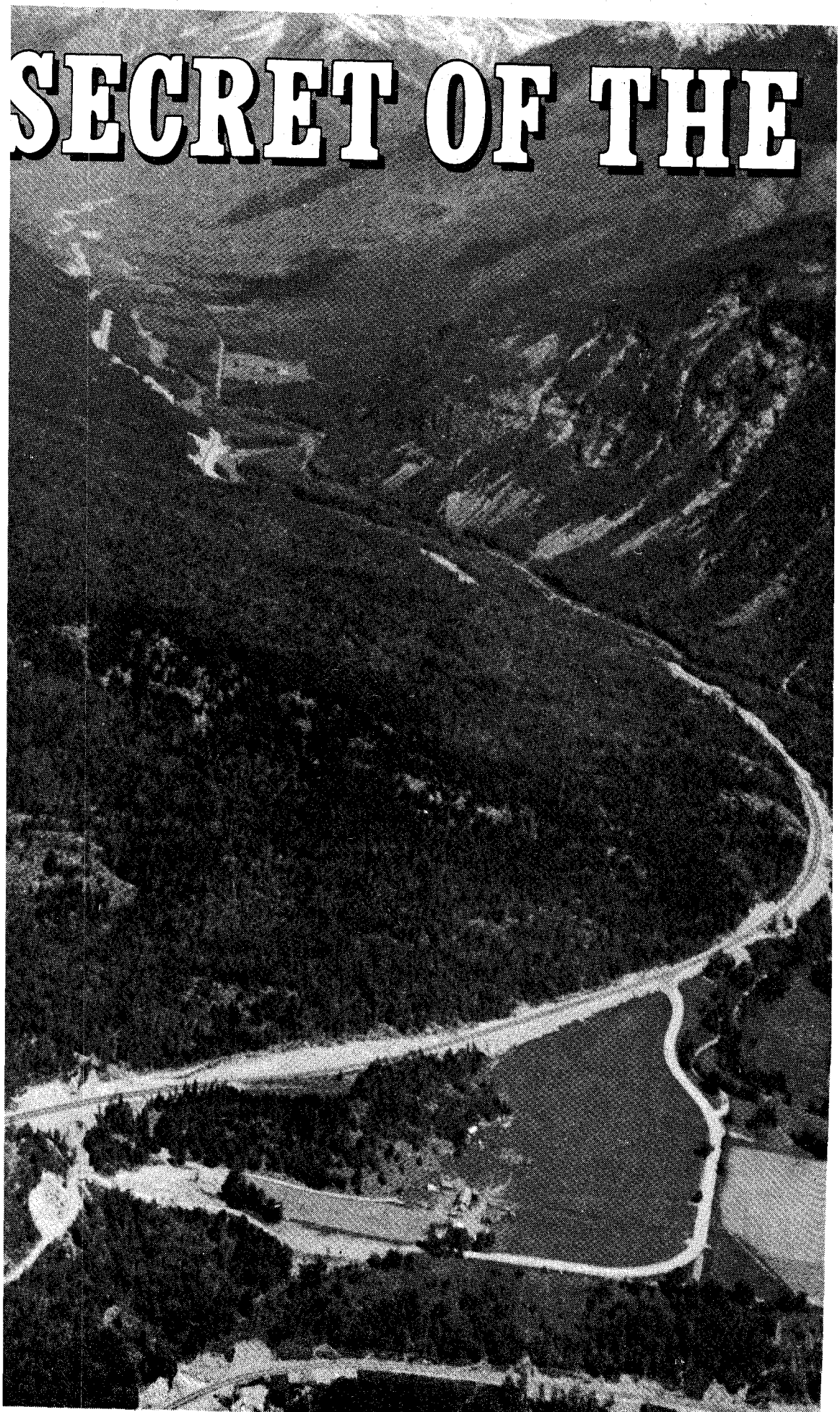

vast Kootenays is Bulldog Kelly's buried loot—the $4,500 which was not recovered.

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MURDERER'S LOOT

With saddlebags bulging and a sense of satisfaction that his mission was accomplished, Baird hurried to his home in Missouli, Montana; he had no warning that these few breaths of pure mountain air would be his last . . .

by T.W. Paterson

IT WOULD TAKE VERY LITTLE less than a full-fledged miracle to uncover a murderer's loot cached near the town of Golden, British Columbia, but if a treasure hunter could match painstaking research with phenomenal luck, he might find himself $4,500 richer. However, it is not the amount that makes this a unique part of frontier history. It is, rather, the rip-roaring gun battle with shots which resounded from the wilds of B.C. to the national capitals of Canada and the U.S. When the smoke cleared—six years later—history finally drew the curtain on one of the most unusual criminal cases in provincial annals.

It was 24 miles south of Golden, where Kootenay trail shouldered Kicking Horse River, on the chill morning of November 27, 1884, that our strange tale of murder and lost treasure began.

In the half-light of dawn, three horsemen picked their way single file through snowdrifts which covered the narrow, winding trail. In the lead was a young man named Manvel Drainard, followed by a well-known Montana liquor salesman, Robert McGregor Baird. Popularly known as "Harold" Baird, the American was returning to Missoula, Montana with his season's receipts for Eddy, Hammond & Company. It had been a good trip; in his bulging pocket and saddlebag was $4,500 in gold and currency.

Bringing up the rear was his packer and guide, a breed named Harry.

The trio continued southward at a slow but steady gait. It was as they navigated a wider stretch in the trail that tragedy struck. Baird was halfway across when, without warning, a shot punctuated the stillness. The heavy ball caught poor Baird square in the chest, spinning him, lifeless, from the saddle. Taken completely by surprise, Drainard snapped a frightened look back, saw Baird pitch to the ground, and spurred his mount. Unarmed and totally unnerved, his only thought was to reach some sort of security beyond bullet range. The terrified youth charged off down the trail, leaving the hapless Harry with a corpse—and a hidden killer.

Glancing wildly about, Harry spotted the sniper just as he fired again. A solid wall of white-hot pain engulfed the packer as the bullet tore into his hip. The concussion almost knocked him from his saddle but, regaining his balance, the courageous halfbreed jerked his rifle from its

B. C. Gov't Photo.

Modern highways and railways are invading the lonely hills where Bulldog Kelly rode some 80 years ago.

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scabbard, levered a shell into the breech and fired, all in a continuous fluid motion.

His shot whistled harmlessly into the trees as the startled killer snapped off a third round, which also missed. Before either could reload, Harry had closed with the stranger. The frightened horses collided, squealing, while the riders savagely jousted with empty rifles. His wound forgotten in the heat of battle, Harry leaped onto the murderer, both men crashing heavily to the ground.

Then—despite his shattered hip—Harry grappled with his unknown antagonist for almost 15 minutes! But he was bleeding dangerously, and, unable to land a solid blow in the wild scuffle; time was running out for the heroic guide. Making the struggle even more one-sided was the fact his opponent proved to be possessed of extraordinary strength and stamina.

Finally, it was over. Overcome by loss of blood and shock, Harry slumped to the trail, unconscious. To make sure he would make no more trouble, the exhausted assassin delivered several fierce kicks to the fallen man's head, then staggered to his horse to catch his breath.

When Harry came to, he was alone. Carefully easing himself to his feet, he surveyed the grim scene dizzily. It took several seconds before his reeling senses cleared enough for him to observe the killer's handiwork. Baird lay in the mud where he had fallen, almost naked. The highwayman had methodically slashed open his clothing, even removing boots and socks. Nearby, Baird's horse grazed quietly, freed of saddlebags. These, too, had been slashed apart and ransacked.

But Harry was not thinking of the missing money. He had just strength enough to clamber into the saddle and knee the animal toward Kicking Horse, booming construction camp of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was nightfall when the battered guide reached camp. He was almost unconscious. Eyes and mouth swollen shut, teeth caked in dried blood, he somehow managed to mumble details of Baird's murder. As someone ran for medical assistance, Harry mustered his last surge of will power to describe the killer. Then he fainted.

In the meantime, young Drainard had been busy also. Panic-stricken when the killer had started blazing away from the cover of the trees, he had galloped several miles down the trail before reining his lathered horse. For long minutes, the youth debated his course of action. Should he hurry to Golden for help or return to the others? He had no gun... was probably too scared to use one, anyway.

At last he decided. Squaring his shoulders, Drainard wheeled his horse about and galloped back to his companions, arriving minutes after Harry had begun his painful ride to Kicking Horse. Upon seeing that Baird was dead, and not knowing what had become of Harry, Drainard hurried to Golden with the news.

At Kicking Horse the manhunt was already underway. Outraged construction workers eagerly volunteered to join the posses being formed by Northwest Mounted and Provincial Police officers. The angry posses fanned out from Golden and Kicking Horse, combing every ravine, every creekbed, every goat track that might offer an escape route to the murderer.

Telegraph keys chattered noisily from Victoria, the provincial capital, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, as details of the cold-blooded killing, and Harry's description of the slayer, were distributed to all law enforcement agencies. The hunt became even more hectic when the Montana firm which had employed Baird offered a reward of $1,000, to which the province added $250.

Everywhere hundreds of probing eyes carefully scrutinized all strangers—and even friends—for a man "about five feet 11 inches in height... blue eyes, mustache of a light color turned up at the ends, reddish complexion, and chin whiskers apparently cut with a scissors. A dark suit, sack coat and Scotch cap with peak," completed the description.

Illus.: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Constable Jack Kirkup tried to bring Kelly back to Victoria for trial.

Police had already put a name to the description: "Bulldog" Kelly! Kelly, a loud-mouthed, redhaired American of questionable means, had been drifting about the Kootenays for about a year.

But of Kelly himself there was not a trace. It was a big, rugged country, and he had vanished like a will-o'-the-wisp. Even Indian trackers had little success following the signs left at the murder scene. The single, solid clue they uncovered was the murder weapon; Bulldog Kelly had dropped or thrown his rifle into the Kicking Horse River.

Police received a report that Bulldog was in Golden, but a thorough search of the town and vicinity failed to yield a sign of the wanted man. Kootenay Gold Commissioner Vowell dispatched two more constables to assist the investigation at Kicking Horse.

Days later, the search had slowed to a frustrating crawl. Scant clues were forthcoming; it looked like Bulldog had made good his escape to the American side. Then, whether acting on a hunch or on information suddenly come to hand, one of the officers decided to have the Winnipeg-bound train searched. Firing off a telegram to a water stop ahead of the train, he asked the crew to check its passengers for Kelly, without, if possible, arousing his suspicions if he was aboard.

Coincidentally, among the passengers were two men qualified to act upon this message, none other than Colonel A.G. Irvine and a Colonel McLeod of the NWMP. The telegram gave a brief outline of Baird's slaying and Kelly's description, whereupon Colonels Irvine and McLeod decided it was a good time to stretch their legs.

Irvine spotted him first. Dressed in the rough garb of a railway worker, the redhaired suspect was watching the vast prairie land sweep by his dust-streaked window. Irvine strolled through the car, seemingly preoccupied with his own thoughts, passed the stranger, then paused at the end of the car. This was Kelly, he was sure. Without glancing back, he decided to arrest him then and there rather than wait for McLeod. Having made up his mind Irvine turned—and the man was gone.

The alarmed officer strode to the door, jerked it open and stepped onto the platform. He almost collided with Kelly, who was leaning against the railing. Just as Irvine "...put out his hand to arrest him..." reported the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, "the man leaped from the train, which was not running at a very rapid rate. He was not injured, and the moment he regained his feet he ran for dear life

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Illus.: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

across the plains." (And vanished...)

Irvine instantly yanked the emergency cord, the train screeching to a halt moments later, but of Kelly there was not a sign. The Mounties had no choice but to return to the train, and telegraph the news to all detachments from the next station.

Days, weeks, months passed, without another clue as to Kelly's whereabouts. That he would return to the U.S., Canadian authorities were positive. They concentrated their search by circular, giving his description to law enforcement agencies as far south as Oregon, as far east as Minnesota.

Baird had been buried almost eight months when provincial constable Jack Kirkup of Revelstoke found Kelly. Working on special orders from Victoria, with permission of Minnesota authorities, Kirkup finally traced the wily suspect to Crookston. Once he had found Kelly, it was an easy matter to have him arrested by local marshals.

And that, thought Kirkup, was that. A brief extradition hearing, then Kelly would be enroute to British Columbia in irons to stand trial.

If only Kirkup could have known!

For our dear Mr. Kelly, it seems, was not just an ordinary desperado. He had friends. Important friends. And when they were through pulling strings, creating smoke screens and calling names, British Columbian authorities were sorry they had ever heard of the leering U.S. American.

Despite the able and determined efforts of Deputy Attorney-General Paulus Aemilius Irving, assisted by Constable W. McNeill, provincial authorities were stalled at every turn by Kelly's influential allies. It took seven bitter, aggravating months for the Canadians to bring Kelly before U.S. Commissioner Spencer in St. Paul.

Mr. Irving, accustomed to the more polished ways of British justice, could not understand the Americans' lack of cooperation and sympathy. After all, Kelly was charged with murdering a fellow American. And didn't British Columbia offer concrete evidence and competent witnesses such as Harry, the guide?

Deputy Attorney-General Paulus Aemilius Irving led the lengthy legal battle for Kelly's extradition.

However, despite their every effort, Kelly's friends could not shake Harry's damaging testimony. Commissioner Spencer ordered Kelly surrendered to the Canadians.

Undaunted, Kelly's lawyer, "Big Tom" Ryan, caught the next train for Washington, D.C. His intention: Nothing less than a meeting with Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard!

The new strategy worked; eight more months dragged by, Ryan's deft maneuvering stalling every move the Canadians made.

Raged the *Victoria Colonist*: "The refusal of Washington authorities to grant the order for the extradition of Bulldog Kelly does certainly not indicate the existence of that reciprocal feeling which the province has always manifested in assisting the U.S. to bring fugitive criminals to justice.

"In no civilized country is the laxity of its laws so noticeable as in the U.S., where the law's delays too often end in their final evasion. Whether the prisoner Kelly is innocent or guilty, it is evident to all those who have read copies of the deposition of witnesses in the case that there is ample ground to warrant the order for the prisoner's extradition. The fine scrupulousness displayed in this instance by the American authorities would almost incline one to the belief that extradition on a charge of murder to British Columbia meant the prisoner's subsequent conviction of the crime.

"The attitude of the province in these matters displays a striking contrast to that of its powerful neighbor. Our local governments have invariably proved themselves as indefatigable in detecting and arresting extraditable fugitives from the States as if the law had been outraged in our own country; thereby observing the true spirit of the treaty—to expedite the administration of justice apart from the consideration in which of the two countries that justice was contravened."

The editors drew scathing attention to the case of a murderer named Morgan, who had been swiftly handed over to the United States—which was as good a time as any to draw Montana's attention to the fact it still owed British Columbia for legal costs!

The editorial concluded with the final remonstration: "It would be well for (U.S.

(Continued on page 58)

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by Samuel Cerro

CRAZY SNAKE-

Marshal Bennett of Muskogee Dist.

Alex Posey, Creek Philosopher-Poet.

Alex Posey, the renowned Creek poet, admired Crazy Snake but did not agree with his theories; eventually he found out how Snake made out financially and was amazed at the slick out-and-out conning of poor Indians and freedmen...

THE CREEKS CALLED him Chitti Harjo, which in their language meant Crazy Snake. Somewhere along the line he had appropriated the title of Chief. Snake detested his English name of Wilson Jones, and refused to use it. He preferred the name "Chief Crazy Snake," and was usually known by that name.

By whatever name he may have been known, he was always a controversial figure. He was a brilliant and persuasive orator, and an eternal rebel. Even now, sixty years later, there is still much that is unknown about his life. His death is even more clouded in mystery. No one can ever be sure how he died.

During the Civil War Snake was one of a group known as "Loyal Indians." He had fled to Kansas and joined the Union Army. His military stint was performed mostly around Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Having had the foresight to chose the winning side, he expected to receive preferential treatment in the post-war days. He was somewhat chagrined when it was not forthcoming.

Snake's military service appears to have been motivated more by opportunism than political or moral convictions. In every contact with the Government, after that, he tried to capitalize on his service. The rebuffs he received during this period made a deep impression upon Snake. It was evident he was biding his time, even though he tried to conceal his thoughts behind the usual Indian stoical mien.

Internal politics within the Creek Nation were about the same as politics anywhere. Influence was wielded by the men that had the money. In this case it was the wealthy Creek plantation and ranch owners, although the liberation of the slaves had about ruined most of them. Under these conditions, Union Veteran Snake could not expect to find much favor with the Tribal Government.

Patience is not usually a strongpoint of an opportunist, but Snake had to wait until March 3, 1893, for an opening. On that date Congress enacted legislation creating the Dawes Commission. Authorization was provided to negotiate with the Indians for their land. The plan was to allot the land in severalty, with the Tribal Governments to be disbanded. A territory was to be set up which would eventually become another state in the Union.

Nationalism does not die easily, and many opposed the change for that reason alone. Others feared to face the unknown ways of the white man. Still others were primitive people that did not want to give up their nomadic way of living. These people refused to work their allotments, leasing them to the whites for farming.

This was a situation to Snake's liking; any group seeking a spokesman need look no further. In a short time Snake, and a few of his friends, found themselves the nucleus of a group that became known as the Crazy Snake Clan. In the beginning there were only Creek Indians. Later, as circumstances changed the clan included a great variety of people.

Snake now had a cause, and he had a following. He soon found out, however, that the mantle of leadership brought problems. His adherents were dedicated people who expected more than just rosy descriptions of life in the old days. Snake was not too well equipped to deliver anything but a good story, so he soon resorted to chicanery.

As the work of the Dawes Commission progressed, the more discerning of the Indians split with Snake. Another faction was formed within the clan that also called themselves the Snake Indians. At one time there were two groups of lobbyists in Washington, both claiming to represent the Snake Indian Clan. Snake only controlled one of these groups.

The work parties sent out to enroll the Creeks encountered a lot of difficulty with the Snakes. They professed to mistrust all Government Agents, and refused to give information about their children. They went about preparing their own rolls, which they said they intended to send to Washington themselves.

Alex Posey, the renowned Creek Poet, was employed by the Dawes Commission to help in enrolling the Creeks. He had

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REDSKIN SPIELER

the complete confidence of the Indians, and was able to pass freely among them. While he professed admiration for Snake, it is evident that Posey did not agree with his doctrines. It is due almost entirely to the poet's reporting that there is any record of Snake's methods of dealing with his adherents. This was the first opportunity that Posey had of observing him at work.

The financing of Snake's activities had long been a puzzle to Posey. In his work with the Dawes Commission, he found out how it was accomplished. At a meeting near Eufaula, at Alabama Town, a Snake adherent passed around a letter that was alleged to be from an attorney in Washington. The letter stated that a Bill had been introduced in Congress restoring the old Laws and Customs. The letter also demanded a large fee. A large gourd dipper was passed around for the purpose of taking donations to pay the fee.

Over a period of time, Posey observed that Snake apparently called a pow-wow any time he needed funds. He reported being present at one such meeting at the old Slumpka Grounds. There was a crowd of about two hundred, and Snake was in top form. After whipping the Indians into a frenzy with extravagant promises, the ever-present gourd was brought out. Even the little children were seen putting their pennies into the "hungry" gourd.

Another story gives some measure of the sophistication, or lack of it, in Snake's adherents. A storm had blown down some large trees on the Slumpka Grounds. The Indians decided that it would be more convenient just to find another meeting place. Some local white settlers wanted to build a Church, so they bought the site from the Snakes. The first thing they did in clearing was remove the limbs from the trees. The roots were still in the ground, and when they were relieved of the weight, they sprang erect.

The explanation for this act was simple enough, but it caused much consternation among the Indians. They preferred to place a spiritual connotation on the happening. It was regarded as a favorable omen by them, and Snake encouraged them in their superstitious belief.

By the end of 1904, much of the work of the Dawes Commission had been completed. Certificates of title to the allotments were being mailed out in great numbers. In February 1905, the Indian Agent at Muskogee received a hundred and twenty-five Certificates that had been returned. Investigation disclosed that all the Indians involved were anxious to get the title to their land, and none of them had seen the Certificates. It was apparent that Snake had intercepted them at the post office.

At Midnight on June 30, 1905, the Dawes Commission passed out of existence. Most of Snake's Indian supporters had given up the struggle as hopeless. Luckily for Snake, a new source of support appeared. The many Freedman Negroes in the area were clamoring for a voice in affairs. Because of Snake's service in the Union Army, they had confidence in him. Many of the freedmen now flocked to his camp.

The center of activity for the Snakes now moved to accomodate this new support. The Negro villages of Hoffman, Grayson and Wildcat were located to the northwest of Snake's home, which was sixteen miles west of Checotah. The Old Hickory Stomping Grounds, about six miles southeast of Henryetta, was the focal point.

The Old Hickory Grounds now became a source of constant trouble for the law enforcement officers. However, Snake did not have a monopoly on agitating. There were several other groups active in the Indian Nations. One especially vicious group called themselves the "Night Hawks." Four deputy marshals were killed by this clan in the Going Snake District of the Cherokee Nation. The Night Hawk leaders in the Creek Nation were John Smith, Eufaula Harjo, James L. Gray and Cosar Fixico.

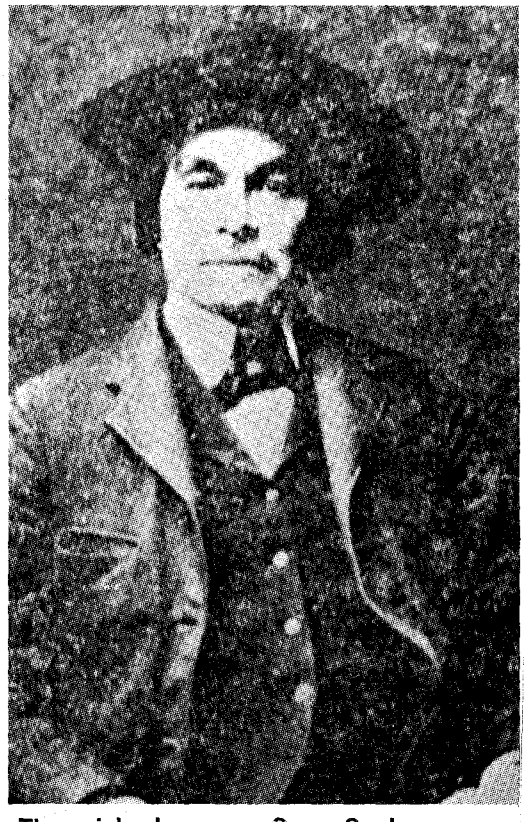
Most of these agitators were scavengers, trying to pick off something from the putrefying carcasses of the Tribal Governments. There were some, however, that were positive in nature. One such movement was that led by ex-Chief P.L. Berryhill. His effort to obtain a land grant from the Mexican President, Porfirio Diaz, was not just an anti-Government, anti-White agitation. He sincerely believed that the Creeks would be better off under the old system, even if it meant emigrating to Mexico.

With the organization of the Indian Territory, and with statehood in the offing, the business of agitating was like beating a dead Horse. The Government made regular pronouncements, reiterating that the Tribal Governments would be disbanded March 3, 1906. In spite of this, a few unscrupulous people like

(Continued on page 48)

Frank M. Canton, Adj. Gen'l.

All Illus. Furn. By Author.



The spieler known as Crazy Snake.

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AMADEO PETER GIANNINI, Banking Genius

Mr. Giannini in his senior years—giant among men.

Fright and dismay—at the very least—were standard emotions in northern California on April 18th, 1906. The earth trembled, shook, and tore itself apart, creating deep, irregular pockets of air where once the good ground lay underfoot.

The rude awakening caused A.P. Giannini to think doomsday was at hand. Aroused from sleep by his jolting bed and the physical punishment due to falling plaster, Amadeo sat erect and, by instinct, made the sign of the cross.

Pictures swung wildly on the walls, furniture skidded—there was a continuing sound of crashing glass. Cries came from the children's rooms and Mrs. Giannini hastened to their aid. She had trouble with her footing in the rocking room. In her native Italian tongue she beseeched the Blessed Virgin to spare their lives. Her husband, identifying the tremors as being caused by an earthquake, bounded from bed and ordered the family out of the house for safety.

His new home was but slightly damaged as compared to other houses in San Mateo, and A.P.'s worry shifted to San Francisco, seventeen miles north, where his Bank of Italy was located in North Beach Colony.

Rail, trolley and road travel to the city was disrupted by the earthquake, and A.P. had to maneuver around wreckage as he hurried, mostly on foot, toward the stricken community. He found streets cluttered, buildings caved in and fires raging out of control. A truly unnerving sight.

Power, sewer, and water lines were destroyed. Great crowds of dazed people drifted from place to place like sheep. Expecting the worst, A.P. Giannini took comfort in knowing that the bank's $80,000 gold reserve was stored uptown in the Crooker National's big fire-proof vault. The smoke drift was toward North Beach. A.P. Giannini was surprised to see the saloon building he had converted to a banking service was still standing. He was greeted by three employees of the Bank of Italy, and he groaned in disbelief to see them there.

"We got the gold," Cashier Padrini announced in triumph. "We hauled it here in a one-horse hack."

"Our gold reserve?" A.P. was grim, frowning.

There it was behind the counter, like sacks of potatoes; three bags of gold valued at $80,000.

"You stupid fool," A.P. scolded, "the money was safer in their vault than it is in this cracker box with broken windows."

The only defense weapon in the bank was an old cowboy pistol Giannini had paid ten dollars for when the bank opened. It lay behind the teller's window and no one had ever fired it. A.P. remained grim. He had seen stores and homes in the stricken area being looted by gangs from the Barbary Coast and Chinatown's Dupont Lane. A small bank would be a prime target.

He left two clerks to stand guard while he and Padrini scouted the fire situation.

A.P's parents, Luigi and Virginia Giannini, of Genoa, Italy, came to America in 1869. They honeymooned across America on the new Union Pacific railroad and bought a small hotel at San Jose, California. Their first child, named Amadeo Peter, was born May 6, 1870. Playmates called him A.P.

Luigi Giannini sold the hotel and bought a forty-acre truck farm near San Jose. At the age of seven Amadeo saw his father

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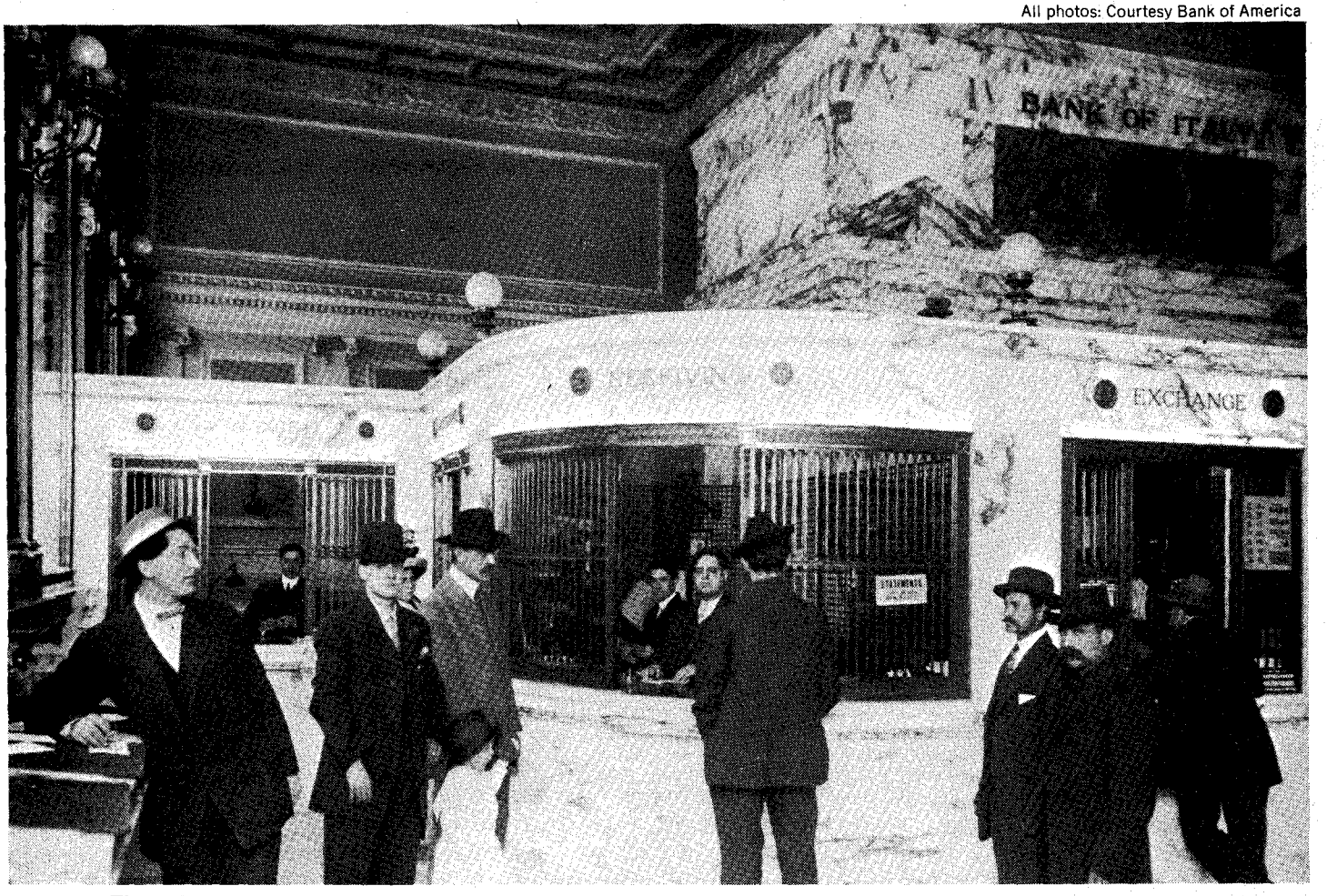
This illustrious school-dropout went to work at 15 in the produce commission business in San Francisco, and at 17 he was a buyer, competing against seasoned men twice his age. A business rival recalled: "There was something about his self-confidence, an uncanny accuracy of foresight, that had us licked before we started."

All photos: Courtesy Bank of America



This edifice replaced structure burned in 1906 fire; depositors calling for mail from Italy on a Sunday morning.

shot dead by an angry laborer in a dispute over a difference of one dollar. The memory of this shocking incident stayed with A.P. for life.

This murder left Mrs. Giannini a widow with three sons, Amadeo, Attilo, and baby George. She married Loranzo Scatena, a farm-to-market teamster who became very fond of the boys. When Amadeo was twelve years old the family moved to San Francisco's Italian colony in North Beach, where Pop Scatena became a commission dealer in farm products. The boys were quite helpful in this operation. A.P. developed a good sense for business and Attilo wanted to become a doctor. They were fine boys.

After grade schooling Amadeo took a course in a business college, and at nineteen he became a one-third partner in Pop's firm. Amadeo did the outside buying, and before long he began expanding out of the Santa Clara Valley, contracting fruits and vegetables far down the coast. Soon Pop's growing business needed bigger quarters and more delivery wagons.

North Beach regarded the tall, personable Amadeo Peter Giannini one of the colony's rising young men. When in 1892 A.P. married Miss Clorinda Agnes Cuneo, daughter of the wealthy Joseph Cuneo family, the marriage added greater luster to his prestige.

A.P's home in North Beach faced Nob Hill on which the bonanza kings of Virginia City, Nevada, had erected mansions to taunt posterity with their success. These landmarks fired A.P's ambitions and spurred his energies—not that he desired to become a rich man. He often said a rich man is the slave of his wealth. In 1901 A.P. sold his interest in his step-father's firm for $100,000. This fund and other investments insured him a $250 monthly income.

That was enough to live on; at the age of thirty-one A.P. Giannini stunned the colony by announcing his retirement to enjoy life.

Those who envied him sneered at the news. They said A.P. was a flash in the pan, a hot-shot that ran out of energy and a false alarm. They said he retired because he was burned out. He was done.

A.P's marriage was happy and fruitful. He established the home at San Mateo and here his son Lawrence Mario, and daughter, Claire, grew up in a business world atmosphere.

Upon the death of Joseph Cuneo, his widow made Amadeo, her son-in-law, manager of the Cuneo estate. In ten years of operation the 25% commission agreed upon netted Giannini added yearly income of $36,000.

As manager of the estate A.P. was allowed to serve out Joseph Cuneo's term as director on the Columbus Saving and Loan Society's Board at North Beach. This position gave A.P.

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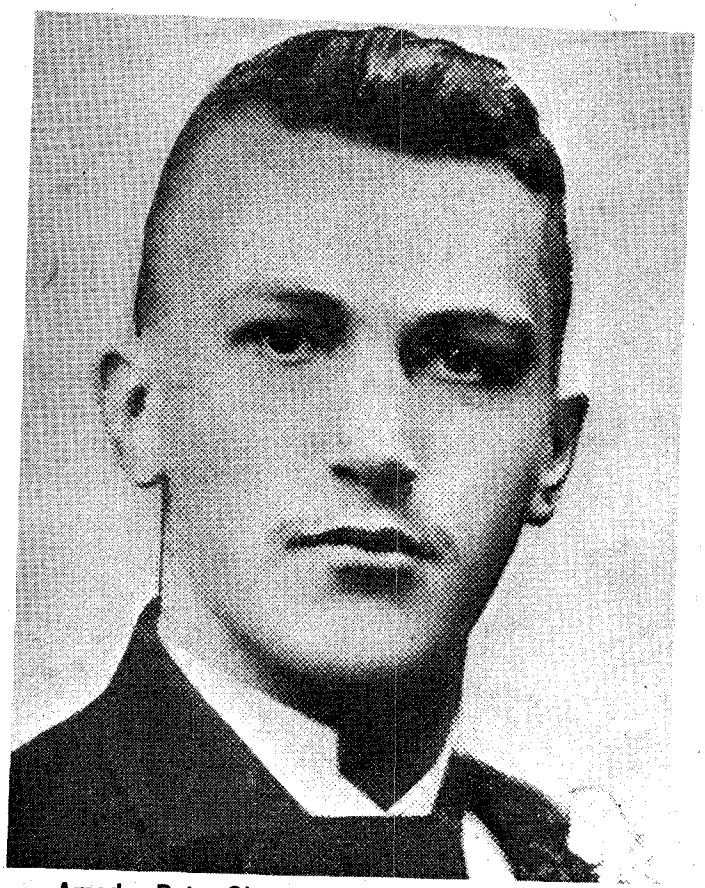

Amadeo Peter Giannini, a young man with ideas.

an insight into banking. Under Board supervision the Society was making few loans. A.P. urged more loans to develop more income for the Society; he also argued that this course would give North Beach people a needed service.

The Board was made up of a group of old conservatives who resented such radical advise from a young, inexperienced "loafer." What Amadeo proposed was incompatible with the Board's policy, they screamed.

"The Columbus Saving and Loan Society should be more than a mere savings bank," A.P. pointed out. "It should be a community institution capable of dispensing financial aid and comfort, and wise counsel, too, to the public."

The Board remained unmoved. Other nationals were in the business of sponsoring savings and loan societies in San Francisco, and all were conservative. Why should the Columbus Savings and Loan change the pattern?

"What about the little man?" A.P. asked. "What about the loan needs of the farmer, the worker and the small business man?"

Small loans, they murmured, were big gambles.

A vacancy developed on the Board and A.P. recommended a young, qualified businessman for the post. His nomination was rejected. A.P. arose, his six-foot-three frame radiating righteous indignation, and tendered his resignation from the board.

No one protested his departure, and the resulting rumors called him a failure. But it turned out his withdrawal from the Board created a turning point in A.P.'s life. Spurred by a confidence that he was completely in the right, Giannini resolved to give the money-hoarding advocates some type of competition—a run for their hoarded money!

1888 scene, Montgomery St. north of Pine; new 52-story Bank of America World Headquarters Bldg. will be at left corner.

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James J. Fagan at the American National stared wide-eyed at his Italian friend's question: "How can you start a bank?" he echoed.

A.P. was dead serious in his query.

It was much easier to start a bank back in 1904 than in present times. With advice from trusted banker friends and keen legal talent Giannini got the job done. He rented a saloon building on Columbus & Washington Avenues and made it the Bank of Italy, an institution pledged to the best interest of the Little Man that most financiers ignored.

A.P. observed that pioneer banks were founded and dominated by a few heavy stockholders and he reversed this practice. Stock in his bank cost $100. per share. Its eleven member board owned but 905 shares while 143 persons of humble station controlled 1,620 shares. A.P. was elected vice president of the Bank of Italy—without pay.

To start with A.P. lured Armando Pedrini, the cashier, away from the Columbus Society in a shrewd move to build confidence in his bank. A.P. and Pedrini visited North Beach homes and business places to explain the new bank's policy and services, and to invite patronage. By the end of 1905 the bank's savings and accounts topped $700,000!

The fastidious uptown bank executives joked at the Italian's unorthodox methods. Fagan told A.P. he was putting banking on a level with fish peddling.

A.P.'s financial horizons were enlarged with the added banking experience. He moved to San Mateo, beyond the Colony's environment, and developed good relations with the big Crocker National and American National Banks.

And now his ballooning vision of the future was shattered by the 1906 disaster. The great fire, out of control, was burning toward North Beach. As Nob Hill mansions were being deserted Chinatown's riffraff were defying police and military guards to break in and plunder.

"We're moving out," A.P. told his cashier. "Pack up, I'll find wagons."

Despite the transportation shortage, A.P. arrived at dusk with two of Pop Scaten's produce wagons. A couple of Pop's hands used clubs to fight off refugees seeking rides where there was no room for them and frantic citizens trying to acquire this transportation for their own use.

The bags of gold were hastily loaded and banking house fixtures and files placed on the wagons to best disguise the valuable contents. The crew mounted wagons as defense guards.

A.P. with the old six-gun in his belt band occupied a high seat beside the driver. At Cuneo's home he loaded on bedding, rugs, and furniture, also women folk, to further disguise the treasure trucks. The wagons headed southward along a bay shore route.

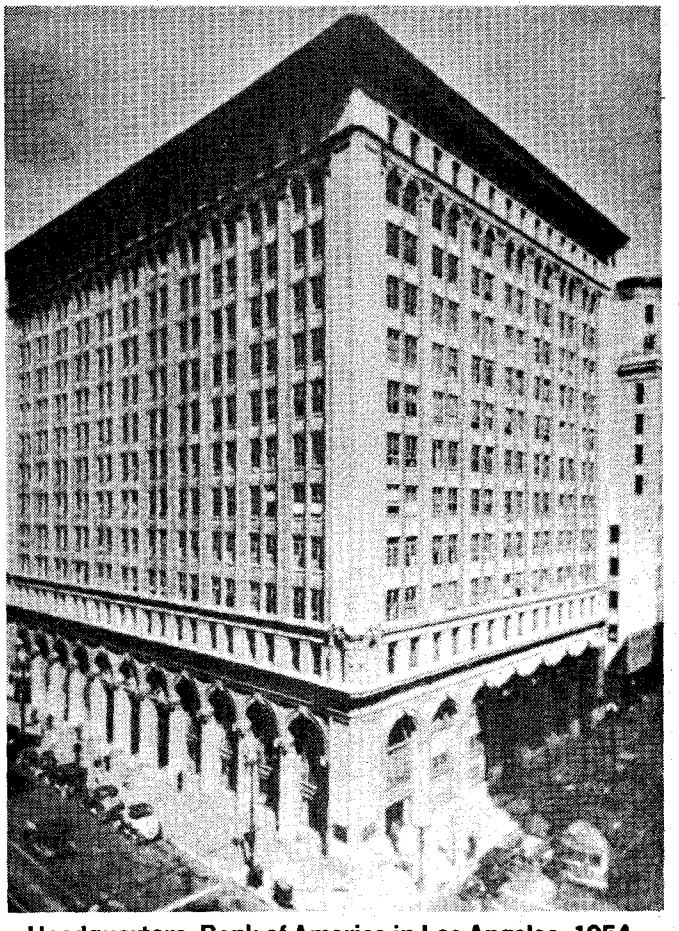
The waterfront was crowded by people carrying children and bundles, and seeking escape by ship to Oakland and other bay towns. Guards had to fight them off the slow moving wagons, using clubs and force to stop their unloading of furniture to make room for themselves. Whip lashes were employed on the skid row and wharf loafing tramps that tried to capture the teams by force—the blasting six-gun cleared them off and the wagons raced on out of reach.

Behind them the fire alternately crept and leaped toward the Colony. By midnight the Bank of Italy building had been reduced to smoking ashes.

In the morning light the wagons were unloaded and the precious cargo stored in the San Mateo house. Amadeo Peter Giannini had $80,000 to meet the possible withdrawal of $846,000 in deposits.

SAN FRANCISCO'S rebound made history. Banks remained closed until scrip could be provided to take the place of limited cash. A.P. acted on his own initiative. The first paper published after the fire carried his ad: THE BANK OF ITALY OPEN FOR BUSINESS AT DR. ATTILIO GIANNINI'S OFFICE ON *(Continued on page 52)*

First home, Bank of Italy, burned in 1906 fire.



Headquarters, Bank of America in Los Angeles, 1954.

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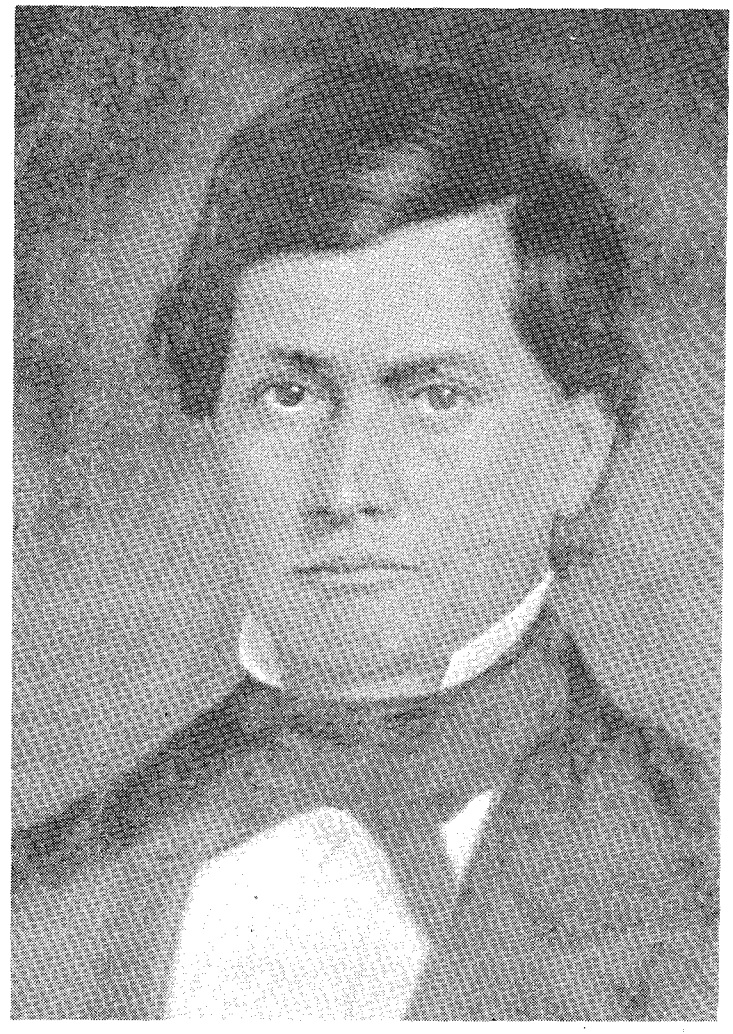
CATTLE KING OF MUD CREEK

One of the last of a tough breed of men who were a law unto themselves, Bill Washington and others like him helped in their own way to push back the frontier.

by Leola Lehman



Gov. Cyrus Harris of Chickasaws knew of Bill Washington.

"HE WAS A FRIEND to those he liked, but those he detested learned to stay away from Bill." Thus a friend described Bill Washington, rancher for around a quarter of a century in the Chickasaw Nation during territorial days and after statehood in Oklahoma.

Like many another man in those days Washinton rode into Indian Territory out of nowhere and began a new life. An almost lawless area, it took a tough man to survive there but Bill was one of the toughest of the lot. He not only managed to survive–he built up one of the very largest ranches in the territory. At one time his cattle ranged over 150,000 acres up and down Mud Creek and it's a safe bet he did not accomplish this by the display of parlor graces.

The word was that Bill swung a wide loop, that his men were paid a bonus for all extra cattle that found their way into his herd before a big drive. One neighbor missed some of his stock on the eve of one of Washington's drives up the Chisholm Trail and decided to go over and try to get them back. This neighbor's wife knew that men sometimes vanished after trouble with the big rancher and tried to persuade her husband not to go.

"It won't do a bit of good," she protested fearfully. "You know that Bill will not give the steers back and you might be killed."

The rancher was an honest man and the loss of the missing cattle meant near ruin for him. "I have to try," he said, and rode off toward Washington's ranch.

It was dark by the time he arrived at the ranch house. Bill Washington met him at the door.

"Bill, some of your boys rounded up most of my cattle by mistake and I've come to get them," the rancher said. "Thought I'd best get over before you move up the Trail."

Washington held the door wide. "Well, come on in, man," he boomed heartily. "Spend the night with us and I'll have your steers cut out first thing in the morning."

And he did so—much to the anger of his riders who thereby lost their bonus on the rustled stock.

There was never any knowing how Bill Washington would take a thing. Once he and young Thompson made a trip together to nearby Arnoldsville. On the way home they met a man who had recently moved into the area with a small herd of cattle. The stranger did not set up a permanent place, just camped and let his steers fatten on the rich grass. Bill did not like having strangers move in and had said so on several occasions.

Now as the newcomer drew near the other two riders he pulled up and looked Bill straight in the eye.

"Bill, I hear that you are going to run me off."

Washington looked the other up and down. Without a word he swung to the ground and stood waiting. The stranger dismounted and the two clashed like a pair of wild buffalo bulls. It was a lively fight while it lasted but when Bill saw that he was outmatched he got on his horse and rode away. That was the last anyone heard about Bill running the stranger off.

The man and his herd disappeared one night as mysteriously as they had arrived. Speculation was that he had rustled the cattle, fattened them and then drove them to market. More than one man in Indian Territory made his start just that way. On the other hand, some hinted, he may never have left the Chickasaw Nation. There was no law then that covered a United States citizen. It was every man for himself and many a man who had trouble with a hardcase neighbor simply disappeared and was never heard from again.

Although married to a Chickasaw woman, Washington often

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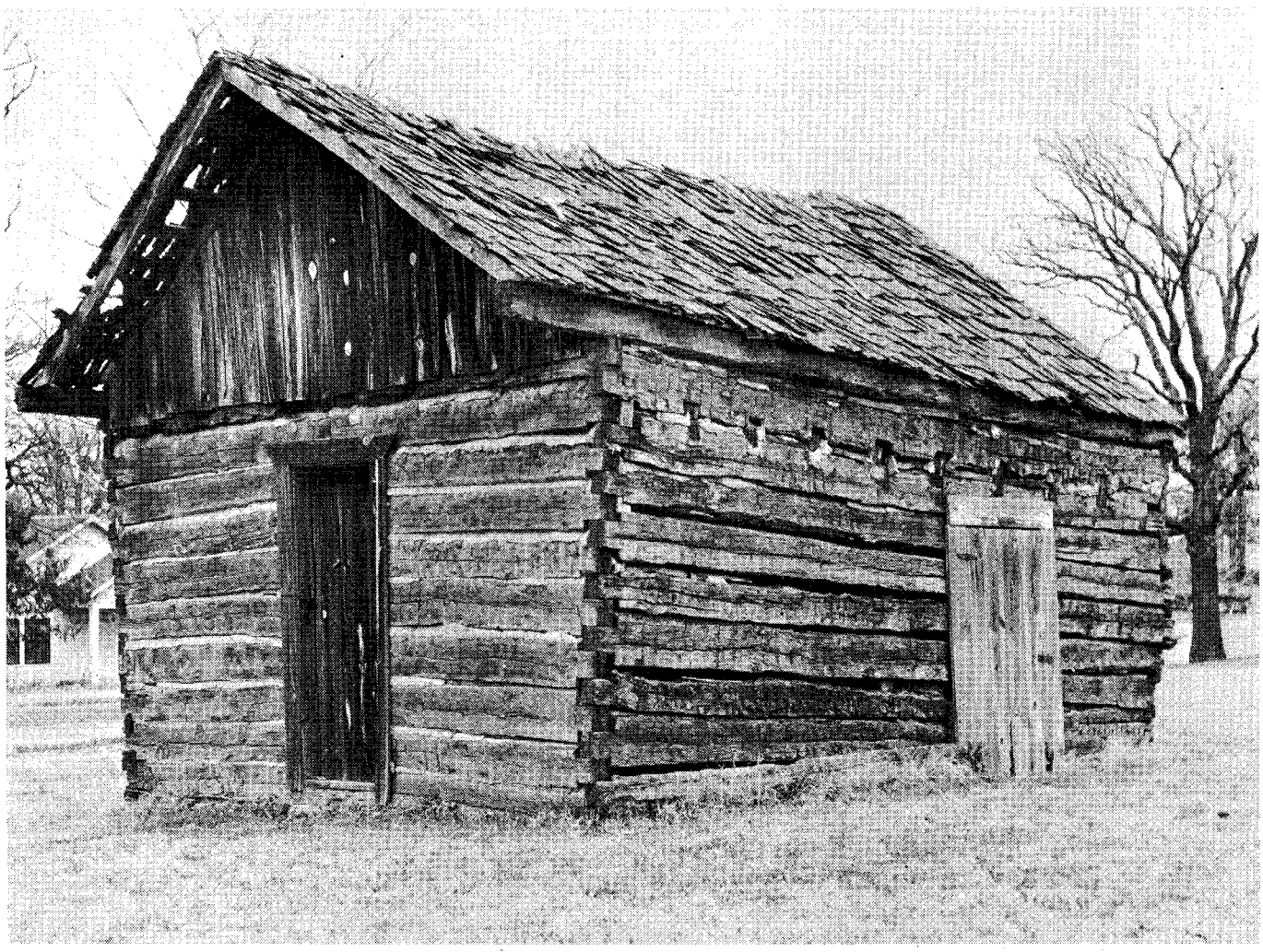
Author's photos

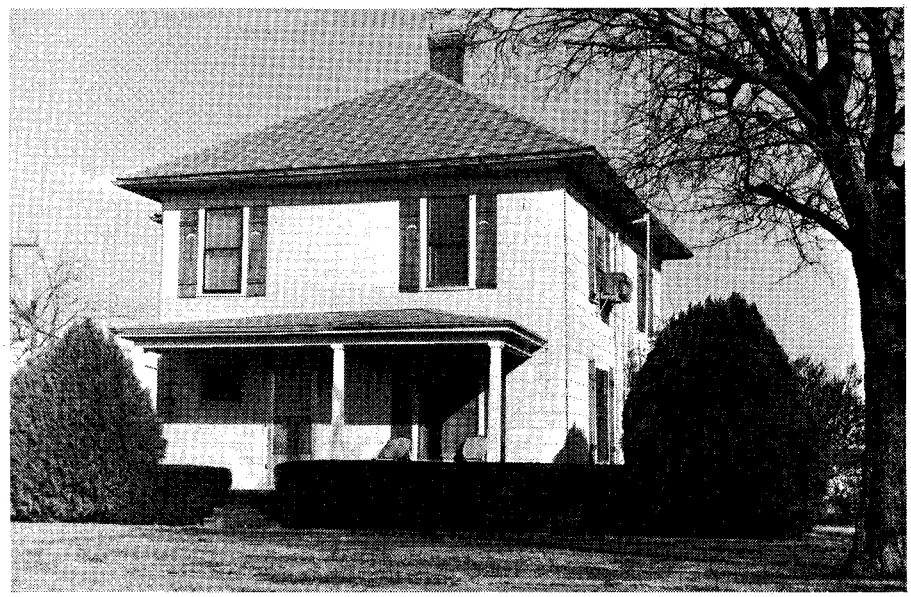


First Chickasaw capitol building still stands at Tishomingo although new 2-story brick replaced it in 1858.

ran afoul of tribal law when it did not happen to suit him. There was a limit of four miles of fence for every man in the Nation. In this way free range was guaranteed to all. Bill Washington knew this but kept putting up fence until he had around thirty miles strung. Several times the Indian authorities notified him that he had exceeded the limit and must take the extra fence down. Bill ignored the warnings. One night the Indian Militia came and cut all but four miles of his fence.

The next morning, Washington discovered his mutilated fence lying in bits upon the ground. He went savage with anger. Determined to have revenge he rode out in search of the Militia. He found the Indians' camp and hid at a little distance to await the dark. After the camp slept Bill crept to the horse herd and shot twenty-eight of the animals. Then the realization hit him that the Chickasaws would mete out their own swift form of justice for this piece of work. Alarmed at this possibility he decided to rush to the Chickasaw Governor in Tishomingo and report his crime before the Militia did.

Washington knew that he was working against time. He rode back to his ranch house at breakneck speed. There he hitched a pair of fast horses to his buggy and headed toward the Capital. He drove the horses to their limit and allowed no rest. Long before he reached Tishomingo he killed the team. Some unlucky travelers passed by and Bill unceremoniously commandeered two of their horses. He killed one of these before he finished his headlong race to circumvent justice. His aim was accomplished though; he reached the Chickasaw Governor before the Militia arrived and told what he had done. He paid for the Indians' horses and was not punished for his rash behavior. *(Continued on page 45)*



Old Bill Washington home in Marietta, Okla. is now a tourist attraction.

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NELSON STORY OUT-

Col. Carrington flatly denied Story permission to leave the fort because of Red Cloud's savage efficiency at eliminating whites; but Nelson just took 'French leave,' because he had a little surprise in store for the great Indian chief . . .

Photo: Courtesy Remington Research Museum.

Sturdy, efficient Rolling-Block breech system made weapon quick success.

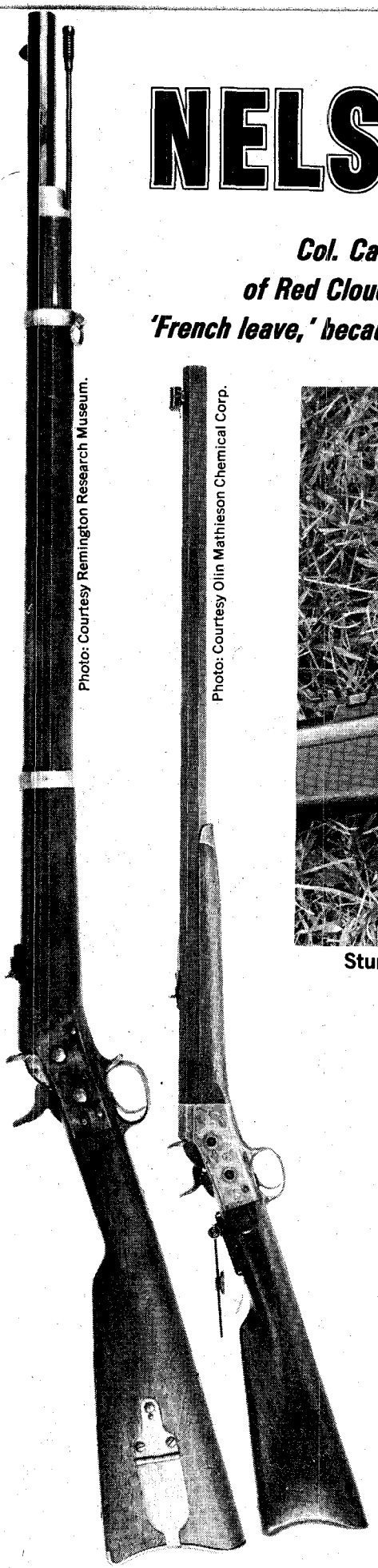

Photo: Courtesy Remington Research Museum.

Photo: Courtesy Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.

Remington's "Zouave," with Rolling-Block; (r), sporting rifle, 1867 to 1890...

by J.L. Beardsley

ON THE BUFFALO RANGES OF the Old West the Sharps rifle enjoyed a well-deserved reputation as the top gun; but when the hide hunters had all but annihilated the vast herds on the rolling plains an era was ended, and the Sharps, too, was finished!

Among the men who followed the big herds the old Remington rolling-block breech-loader ranked right behind the Sharps as a "real" buffalo gun, according to many authorities. It was a long range killer, too, and proved its accuracy over all American and foreign rifles in the Creedmore matches of the early 1870's. But the post-Civil War Remington was a little lighter than the Sharps, and with their sturdy, simple rolling-block system, were more adaptable to general use; so it outlived its big bore rival to put firepower into the horny hands of the pioneers—which spelled meat in the pot and death to their enemies.

The Remington tradition for quality and excellence has endured longer and spread farther afield than any American weapon in the nation's history. It all began when Eliphalet Remington, son of a blacksmith in central New York state, decided to become a gunsmith in 1816, and was confident he could build the "best rifle ever made."

Wide acceptance of his custom-built rifles came over the years, and Remington's success enabled him to buy up a government contract for 5000 percussion rifles from John Griffiths of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1842. The Ordnance Department was satisfied and ordered another 7500.

In his search for machinery and materials to complete this order, "Lite" Remington, as his friends knew him, discovered the small arms factory of N.P. Ames, at Springfield, Massachusetts, then building a breech-loading carbine invented by William Jenks of Columbia, South Carolina. Its ingenious design appealed to him so much that he bought the Jenks patent on the spot. Then he employed Jenks as a supervisor, and was able to supply the first sliding-breech-bolt ever issued to American troops.

It also had the first drilled cast-steel

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FOUGHT CRAZY HORSE

Illus.: Courtesy Union Pacific R.R. Museum.

Rifles as well as shovels laid steel across the plains in 1868—and the Remington was there.

barrels in service to improve accuracy; and with the Maynard tape primer added for more rapid fire. The U.S. Marines carried this superior firepower into the Mexican War which was probably the deciding factor in their rolling back the Mexican Army at Vera Cruz and the capture of the fortress of Chapultepec in 1847.

The firm became E. Remington & Sons when three of the founder's sons joined him in 1845; when the great War Between the States broke out in 1861 Remington was ready. Only nine days after the Union defeat at the first Bull Run battle, July 30th, 1861, they signed a government order for 10,000 rifles.

This 1861 Army musket was the standard Springfield pattern in the long 56 inch model, but outwardly and inwardly built with much better finish and fitting than the average military arm. The stock was oil-filled, hand-rubbed walnut, the barrel was blued with polished brass barrel bands; a mottled finish embellished the side plates.

The 1862 model was the last muzzle-loader built by Remington, and as the "Zouave Rifle," as it was termed, some 40,000 of them saw service in the Union Army.

But Remington always strove for something better and they found it in the addition of two inventive gunsmiths to their design staff: Joseph Rider and Leonard Geiger joined Remington in the early 1860's.

Rider had patented a breech-loading carbine in 1861, with the hammer striking through a split breech-block, which found its way into the war in small numbers.

Then came Leonard Geiger with his interlocking breech-and-hammer-block system in 1863, and Rider was soon at work on an improved design of his rolling-block with the hammer striking a firing pin which penetrated the breech-block, and combined the Geiger interlocking idea with the Rider Rolling-Block, later called the "Remington System" (in 1864).

The company had the new rolling-block rifles on order but the Civil War came to an end before they reached the front; yet the government went right on buying this new military model in 1867 and also from 1869 through 1871.

The Remington rolling-block was the acknowledged best breech system for metallic ammunition, and simplicity itself to operate. Both the hammer and breech-blocks rotated on heavy transverse pins in the receiver, and after the hammer was brought back to full cock, the breech-block was thumbed back to expose the chamber and extract the fired shell. The breech was flipped back to closed position after a fresh cartridge had been inserted into the chamber, and when the hammer fell in firing the two blocks locked into a solid steel breech, making a back-fire impossible.

As a military rifle system it was in use for half a century by the United States and half the governments of Europe, from 1867 to the Lebel French rifles built on license from 1915 to 1917 and used in World War I.

There was a surplus of Remington .50—.70 caliber Springfield-type rifles with the Rider rolling-block breech at the end of the Civil War, and many were shipped

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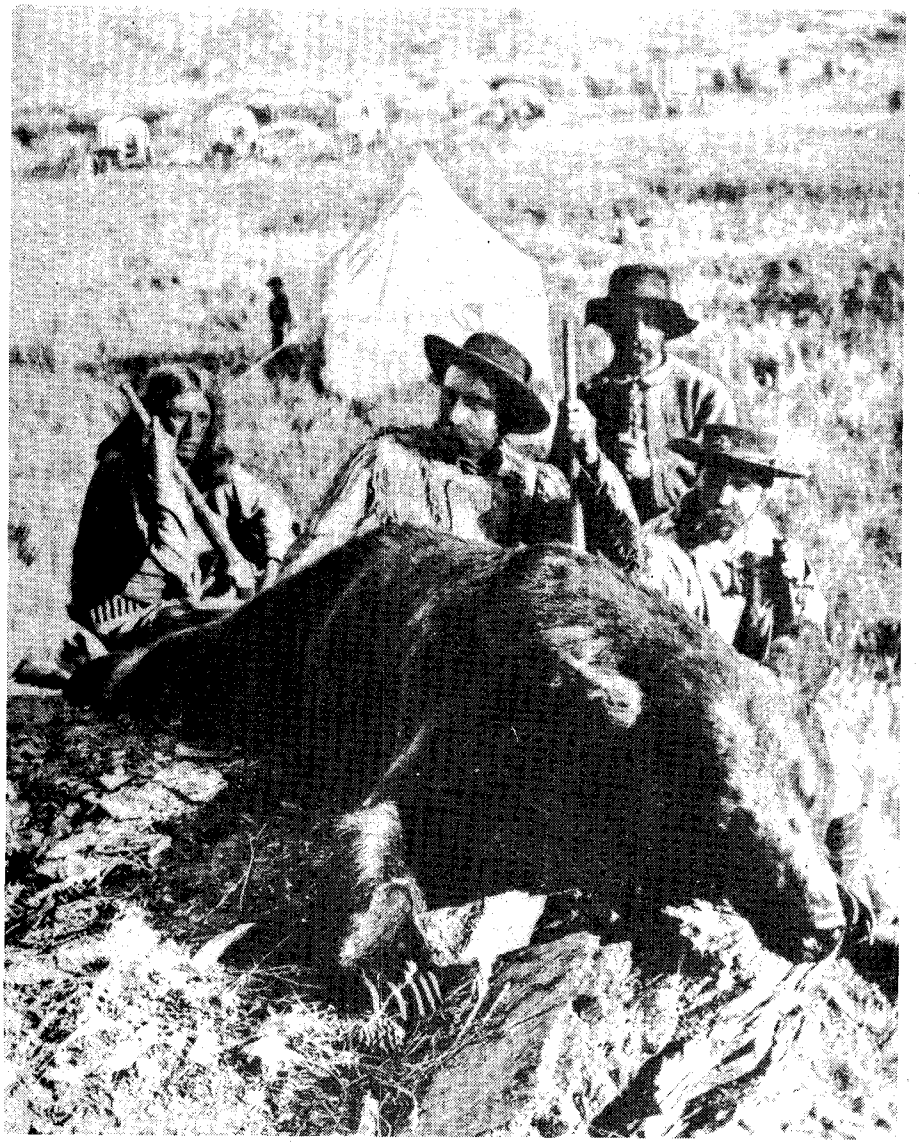
Photo: Courtesy S.Dak. Hist. Soc.



Lt. Col. Custer poses with grizzly, Black Hills expedition, 1874; at left: Crow scout Bloody Knife; at right, Col. Wm. Ludlow; Pvt. Noonan, stg.

west to fill the expanding market for big bore rifles on the frontier.

Remington always had some sporting models available, even during the accelerated production of military weapons, and Joseph Rider's first production for them had been a .32 caliber sporting rifle in 1861; but after the Civil War they concentrated on the western trade with Sporting Models in .50—.70 caliber, and the .45—.70 caliber, both with 1000 yard effective range which would put down anything in the West up to and including buffalo.

Some of the .50—.70 Remington rolling blocks had reached Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1866, and out of this shipment a lot of history would be made.

The man who would make it was Nelson Story, a former Montana Vigilante leader who had struck it rich in the goldfields, and traveled to Texas to buy a cattle herd to drive back to Montana over 3000 perilous, bandit and Indian-infested miles of wilderness, in the early fall of 1866.

Veteran Texas trail drivers shook their heads when told of Story's bold project—but they sold him over 1000 head of cattle, and he headed north with 30 veteran cowboys skilled in the art of punching Longhorns out of the Texas brush, as a crew.

They conquered all the formidable hazards of a cattle drive: they forded the treacherous Red River, the Canadian, and the Cimmarron; fought stampedes and cattle thieves across the Indian Territory; and crossed into Kansas with no men lost and just a few cattle light.

Here the resourceful Story avoided hostile settlers along the usual routes near the towns, which harbored the Kansas "Jayhawker" bands, by scouting out a new trail farther west. Then, after fording the Smoky Hill he followed the Kaw River into Leavenworth, Kansas. Freight wagons and bull teams were bought here, and bullwhackers hired to drive them. The wagons were loaded with staple goods that would bring high prices in the Montana gold camps—if he could get them there.

But Story did more; he bought over 40 new Remington .50 caliber rolling-block rifles and plenty of cartridges, and gave one to each man in the outfit. This, he thought, would even the odds against them, somewhat, as they crossed the Cheyenne and Sioux country where any wagon train was fair game to the redskins.

No serious trouble developed as they traveled the Oregon Trail west to Fort Laramie, where the Bozeman Trail branched north to Montana, but here they were warned that the Sioux under Red Cloud and Crazy Horse were attacking nearly every train or party that took this route through the Bighorns. Story and his crew of seasoned riders didn't scare easy and immediately headed north.

Near Fort Reno, the first of three forts built to protect the Bozeman route, a Sioux raiding party struck the herd. They killed one cowboy and ran off 30 head. Story and all available hands trailed the Indians to their camp that night, and opened fire at long range on the feasting redskins gorging themselves on one of Story's best steers. Before long their barrage of Remington bullets had laid the last warrior in the dust, and Story's men then rounded up all the stolen cattle except the one slaughtered, and drove them back to the herd.

Farther north Fort Phil Kearny was reached, and here Colonel H.B. Carrington, in command, flatly denied them permission to travel farther while the Sioux were on the warpath, as 150 civilians already had been killed in the vicinity.

But camping a mile from the stockade which housed only a moderate garrison wasn't Nelson Story's idea of security. If conditions were that bad, he reasoned, he would be a sitting duck for an attack. So on the night of October 27, 1866, Story quietly moved out with his herd and wagons.

The incident near Fort Reno had its sequel a few days later when 500 Sioux led by Crazy Horse swooped down on the Story outfit. The scouts had time to warn them, and the wagons were corraled and every man grabbed a rifle and plenty of ammunition.

The first furious onslaught to test their strength was ripped apart as the Texans worked their rolling-block rifles with deadly accuracy.

Then a second wave of painted, plumed, and well-mounted savages thundered toward the little circle of wagons to ride them down before they could reload—a favorite tactic of the plains tribes against the whites who had been armed up to that time with muzzle loaders. But this time the best military breech-loading cartridge rifles in America or Europe waited under those wagons in the hands of men who loved to swap lead.

A rain of Death erupted from the ring of black-powder smoke pouring from the corral, and dozens of warriors toppled as the charge faltered and halted. As sud-

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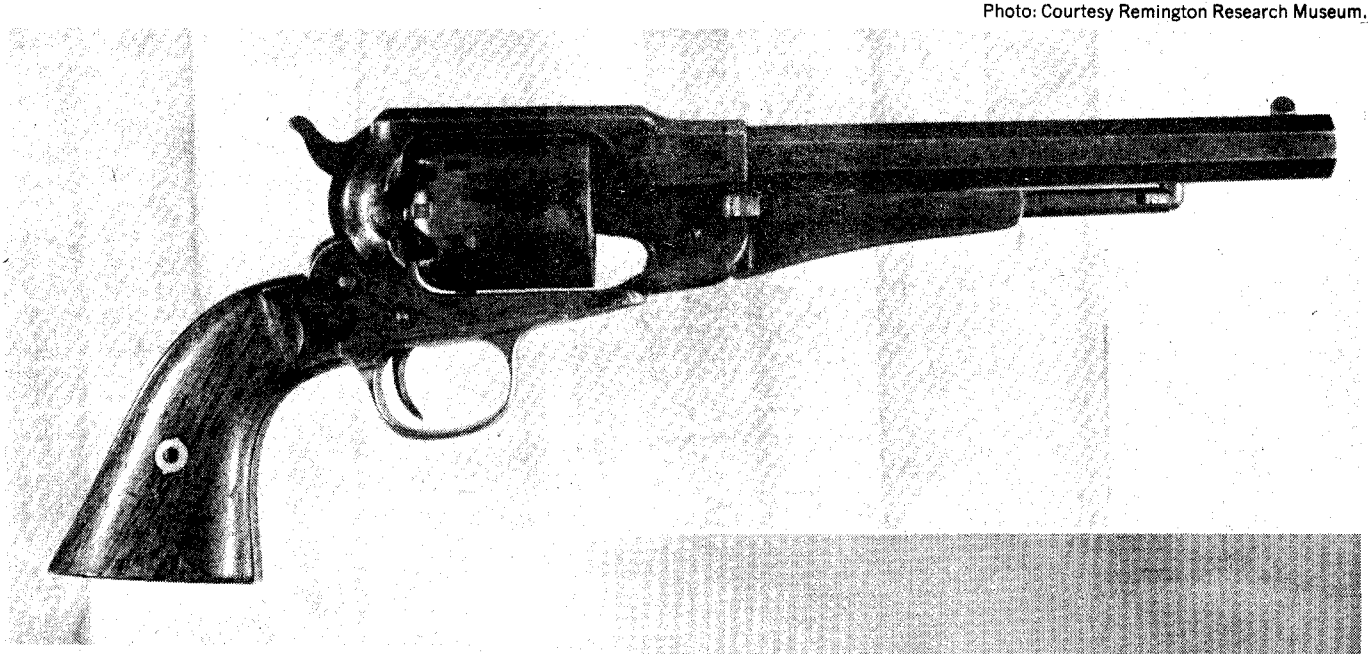
Photo: Courtesy Remington Research Museum.



Company had orders for all they could manufacture for .44 cal. 6-shot revolver.

denly as they had swarmed there they turned tail and retreated behind a ridge, and the day was won.

But there was much plunder inside those wagons, and Crazy Horse thirsted for revenge on this valiant handful of men who had beaten all his braves. As they journeyed northward he hit them with two more smaller raids and lost both times to the Remington riflemen, who lost not a single scalp.

There was celebrating in Virginia City as Story arrived with the first range cattle to reach Montana Territory, having achieved the longest trail drive of over 3000 miles—and certainly the most dangerous—in the whole history of the West. But without the Remington he might not have made it!

The spectacular demonstration of the deadliness of the rolling-block against overwhelming odds in the remote American West was unknown to the judges of the Imperial Exposition in Paris in 1867, but they awarded it the Silver Medal as "The finest rifle in the World," on its merits.

After this, the rolling-block Remington was adopted into the armies of these countries: Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Egypt, China, Austria, Italy, Argentina, and several other South American countries.

Though their best rifles did not reach the Civil War battlefields, their percussion .44 Caliber six-shot Army revolver did. Though out-numbered by the Colt among Union troops, after only two years of manufacture the Remington was called the best percussion side-arm of the war; 109,811 of their New Model 1863, improved type, saw service.

They were popular, too, in the post-war West among men on both sides of the law and the military. Unfortunately, more

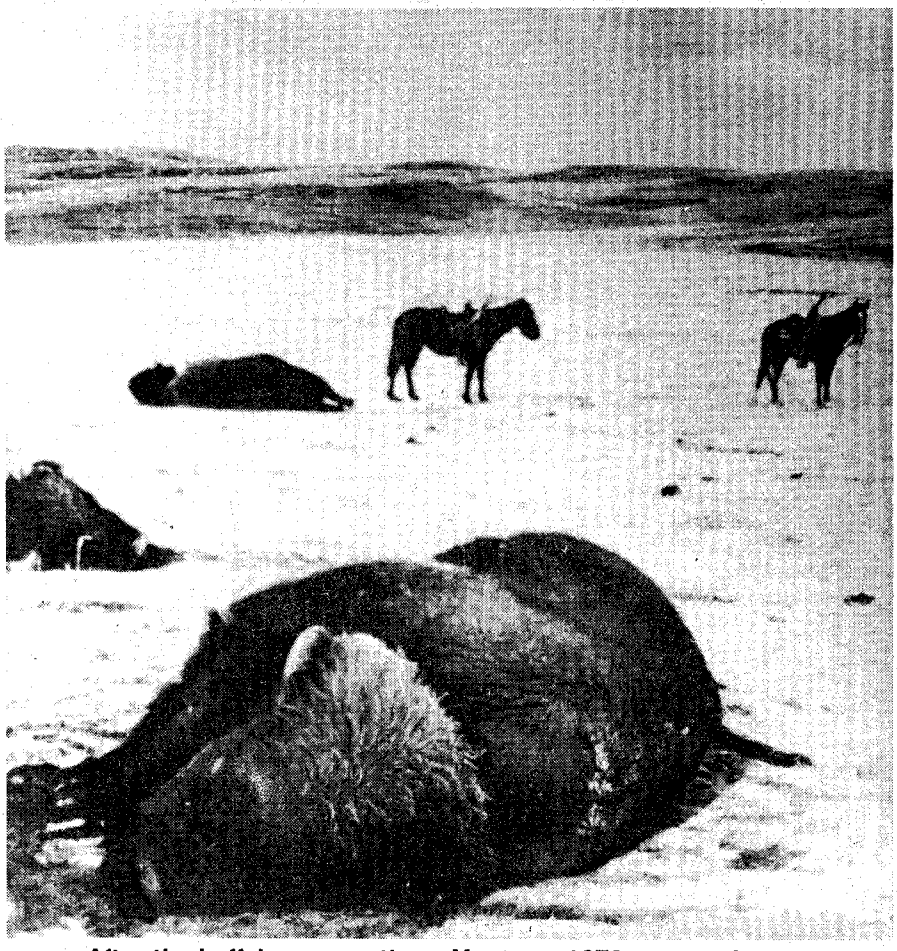


Photo: Courtesy Title Ins. & Trust Co., Los Angeles.

After the buffalo run, northern Montana, 1879; a rare photo.

Remington users among western badmen are recorded than among law-abiding citizens, with Frank James, Cole Younger, and the notorious Pancho Villa heading the list.

But on the other side of the ledger, Remington's most famous—and staunchest—supporter among heroes of the West was the immortal Brevet Major General George A. Custer. He received an ornately engraved New Model Army six-shot, .44 caliber revolver during the Civil War from the company, with the backstrap engraved "Presented by E. Remington & Sons to Gen'l. G.A. Custer," and a bust of the general was carved into the ivory grips.

This he carried with pride, and it was preserved by members of his family.

As a dedicated military career man Custer would know that the U.S. Bureau of Ordnance approved the 1869 Remington rolling-block military arm, and the Army placed large orders in 1870-71 after tests proved its accuracy and 1000-yard range. In 1872 Custer bought one of their .50-.70, Model 1 sporting rifles for his personal use, which won his enthusiastic praise.

On his campaigns with the 7th Cavalry along the Yellowstone, in 1873, he enjoyed many big-game hunts and wrote the Remington company a letter dated

(Continued on page 55)

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SCALPING of WILLIAM THOMPSON

Nebraska State Historical Society Photos

by Kit Carson

Mutilated by the Indians and left to die, this man lived to a ripe old age

TODAY SHOULD YOU happen to be traveling in one of the plush pullman cars of the Union Pacific Railroad, somewhere near the western boundary of Nebraska, you might declare you sense a strange odor—one of burning flesh of freshly-scalped men that could arise from no other source than one of the early-day gruesome Indian massacres.

You might even vow that you hear the yells of foraying savages, along the tracks, and you duck and take cover within the pullman car to avoid flying lead and the ricocheting bullets from the sides of the cars.

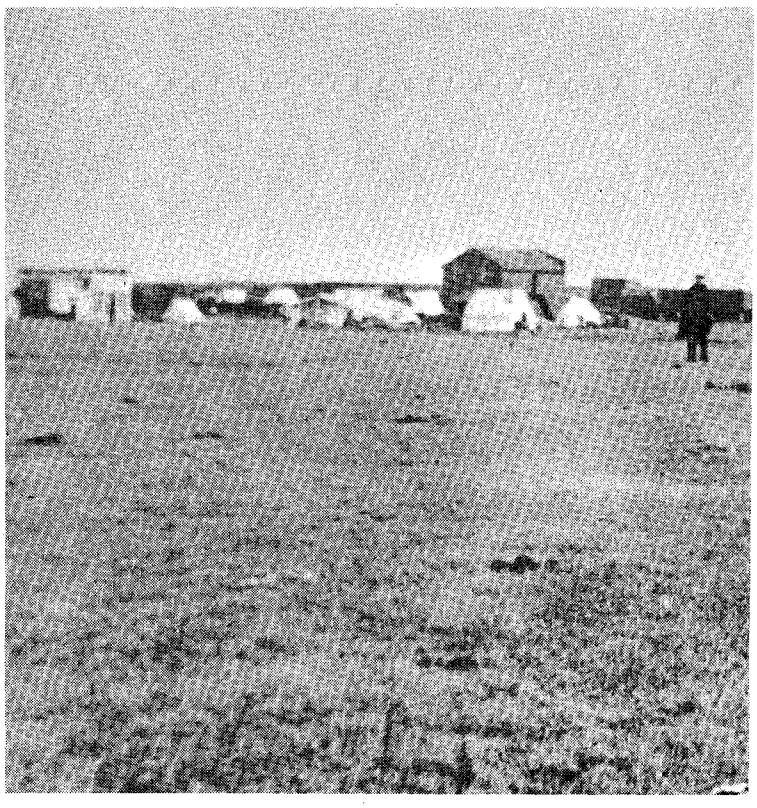
Today of course it's an historical dream; but in the year of 1867 it was stark reality. It happened when the railroads were driving a hard bargain along the western frontier aiming to link the Atlantic seaboard with that of the Pacific West in one continuous shiny ribbon of steel, making transcontinental rail transportation possible.

During those trying days of railroad construction, every obstacle known to frontier construction confronted the builders, and every vice known to the human race swarmed around the railheads to rake in the money that came from the sweat and brawn of the track-layers. Hard liquor flowed freely; life went at a premium. The camps were full of women who cared little about building a home and raising a family, only about the money they could grasp.

It was the year in which Omaha had been chartered as a town, and the population had soared to a peak of about 2,000 people. Telegraph communication with the wealthy seaport town of San Francisco had been established in 1861, and the booming railroad towns through Nebraska took on the boisterous aspects of the gold-rush days of California. The filterings of vice from such money-grabbing groups swarmed into the crowded construction camps, and the frontier towns.

Tent cities lined the tracks of the railhead, as every wicked scheme known to man was brought into play to hustle the wages of the hard-working and hard-drinking track-layers.

The towns justly known as "hell on wheels" consisted of tinhorn gamblers and old pros at the game, bawdy houses controlled by madams with bevies of prostitutes, and saloons



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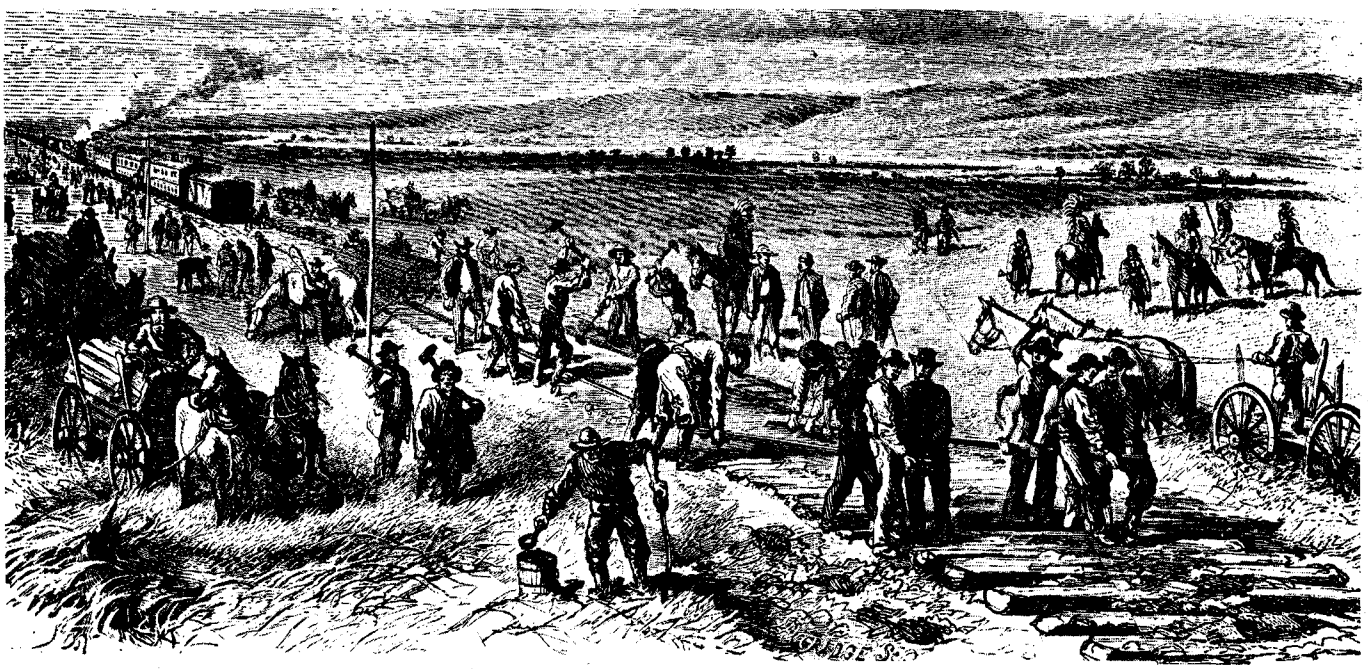
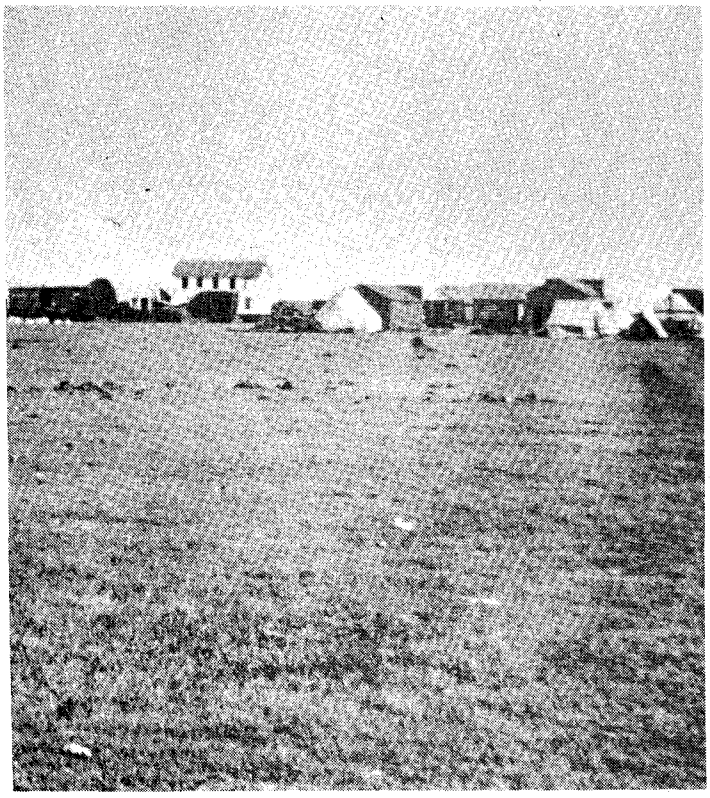


Track laying as depicted in "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert Richards, 1867.

full of rot-gut booze. Pimps, renegades, bullwhackers, iron men, graders, a few lawmen, and every other sort of individual imaginable lined the dusty, heavy-trampled, crowded, single streets.

The Indian tribes lingered just outside the dim town lights, and commanded a large portion of attention. Raids were as common as bawdy house operations; and the warfaring Sioux and Cheyenne tribes constantly plagued the frontier operations. The Indians, it was recorded during the early days, were never caught asleep; they always had a raid in progress!



Tent railroad towns that followed construction gangs.

THE ARMY, with its frontier soldiers, and commanding officers fresh from the ranks of West Point, were to be occasionally noted among the throngs of frontier population. They made feeble attempts to promote peace among the railroad workers, to prevent hostile factions from retarding the road work, and to keep the savages pushed back into the wilderness bounds.

During the period of this story such an army assignment in the Old West fell to the command of Generals Dodge and Casement, and their subordinates. They were to prevent uprisings and keep factions from hindering the work progress of the railroads.

Other problems included trying to suppress the marauding savages, suppress all sorts of enemies and somehow control the crooked politicians who pulled every shenanigan to delay the gigantic undertaking of the Union Pacific Railroad construction.

A hell-bent drive, that year, had been inaugurated in an effort to have the construction crews meet the tracks coming in from the West, and complete the driving of the gold spike at Promontory Point, Utah, which took place two years later, on May 10, 1869. Aside from every other known obstacle to frontier construction, the hostile Indians flared up more than ever in an additional effort to delay the railroad completion.

The rampages of the frontier savages on the railroad construction camps caused this gruesome story of William Thompson, who carried the outstanding scars to his grave. He was a hardworking, fearless, foreman of a trouble-shooting crew of the telegraph system, who escaped with his life only by the skin of his teeth—and most certainly not with his scalp—during one of the bloody Cheyenne Indian raids.

Some of you may be descendants of the brave frontiersman, for after losing his scalp to *(Continued on page 56)*

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TONOPAH IS SURROUNDED

TONOPAH IS AN interesting town. The town was founded in 1900, soon after Jim Butler made the discovery which started the rush to an area which was to produce over $200,000,000 in precious metals, chiefly silver.

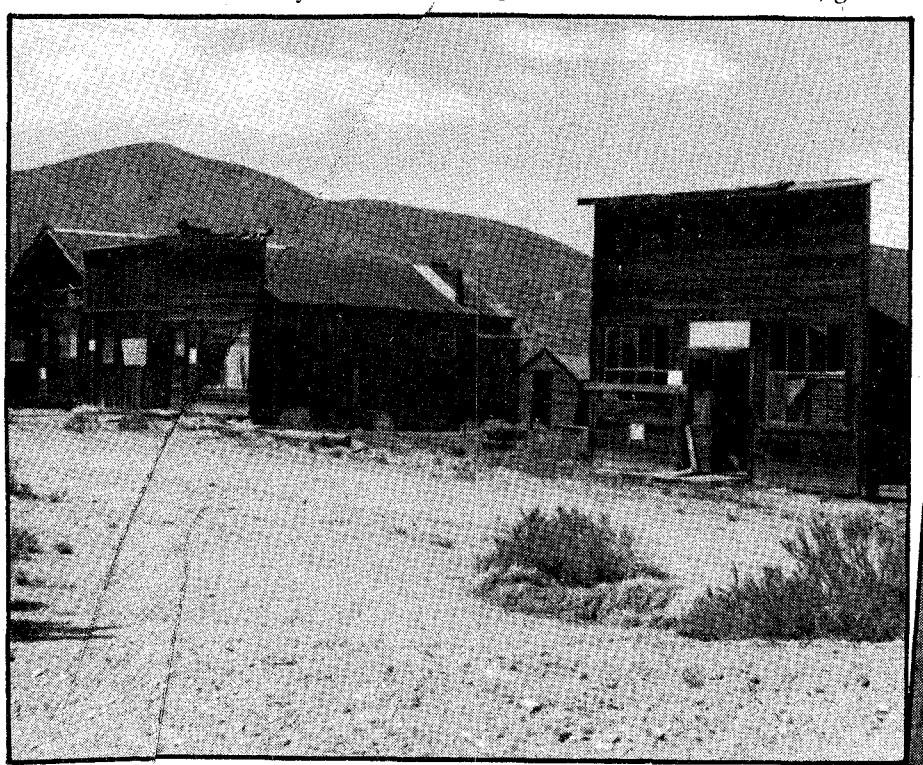
Old Jim was broke the day he picked up that fateful rock to throw at his burro. He was so broke he could not afford an assay of the rock which his prospecting experience told him contained valuable ore. So Jim sold shares in his find to pay for the assay. His hunch paid off. Jim became rich. He established the Mizpah Mine which today stands over Tonopah, Nevada, the queen of the silver towns.

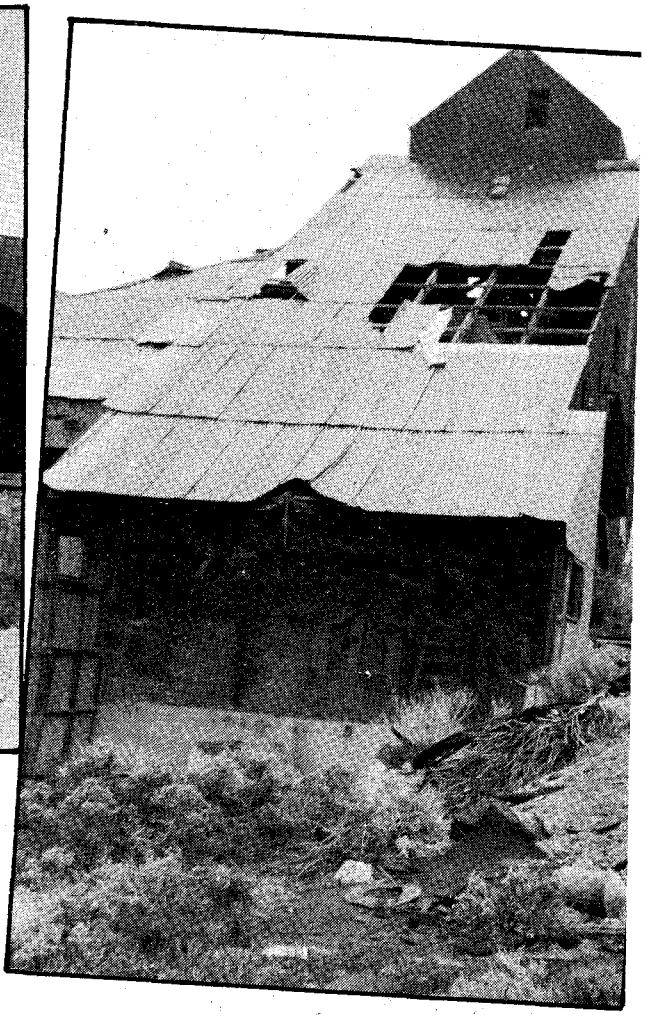
Because it is located in what used to be such a rich area, Tonopah is a good hub of operations for the ghost town buff who would like to visit several ghost towns in one weekend. Within a hundred mile radius of Tonopah are the towns of Belmont, Ione, Manhattan, Round Mountain, Berlin, Goldfield, Gold Point, Austin, Silverpeak, Lida, Rawhide, Hannapah, Tybo, Reveille, Columbus, Candalaria, Belleville, Marietta, La Panta, and Millers.

So many ghosts surround Tonopah that it would take several weekends to see them all. However, ghost towns are so plentiful and close to each other that you can visit several in a single day.

Belmont, 47 miles north of Tonopah, over fairly good dirt roads is a true ghost town. Because it is not on the beaten path, not even marked on some maps, Belmont's photogenic ruins stand in good condition. The ghost town is deserted, with only a few residents in century-old stone houses at one end of town.

Among Belmont's buildings are the wooden Cosmopolitan Theatre and a brick court house which served Nye County from 1867-1905. To reach Belmont, take US 6 from Tonopah, five





bove: The main street in Gold Point, Nevada is a ghost town ow but these crumbling buildings were once a store, a theater, nd a post office. The town was founded in 1866 and called Old Hornsilver. Right: People used to earn their living working at this deserted, decaying mill in Round Mt., Nevada. Both towns are near Tonopah, which is the hub of the ghost town community.

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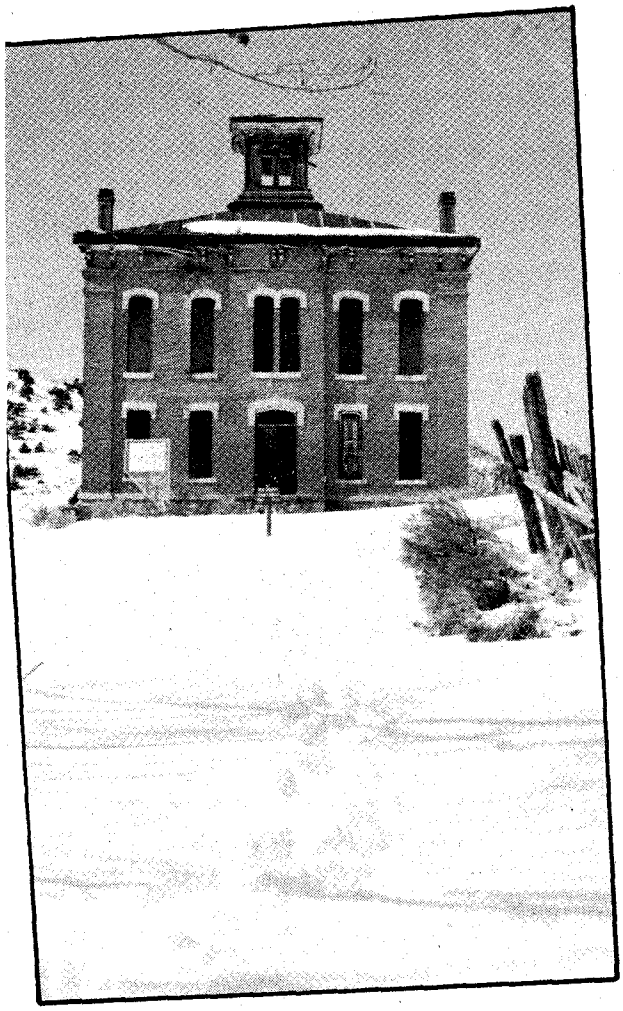
miles east. Turn north on State 8A. In about 13 miles 8A forks into State 82. At this point you may reach Belmont by either taking State 82, which is graded and in fairly good condition most of the way, ro, if weather permits, you can take 8A to Manhattan, and from Manhattan reach Belmont on a shorter, but rougher road. This road is sometimes closed by weather. Because of their altitude, most of the ghost towns around Tonopah have snow during much of the winter.

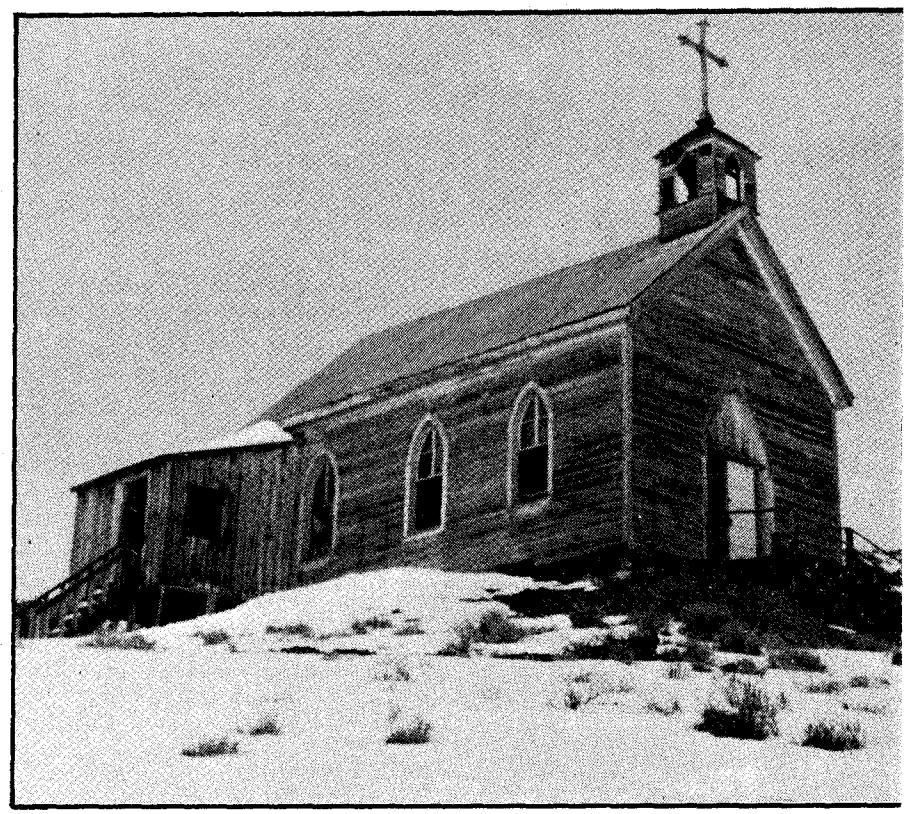
Manhattan is a beautiful little mining town nestled amid the mountains. Manhattan has a country store which is newly painted a bright yellow and is ornamented with an old steer skull. On a hilltop above Manhattan stands a deserted wooden Catholic church. This building was moved, by horse, from Belmont in Manhattan's early days. The church was last used in 1946.

We stopped to chat with Lee Hiatt, a prospector of some 20 years who resides in Manhattan. Gene, our friends and I spent several hours of interesting conversation as Lee told us some of Manhattan's history. The town boomed in the early 1900s. She once possessed a 3,000 ton gold dredge.

Fifteen miles north of Manhattan, 32 miles by good highway, is Round Mountain. Round Mountain has a bottle house. Look for it. It is just off the main road through town. The bottle house is built mostly underground so that the portion that is made of bottles, and is above ground, is the triangle-shaped area directly beneath the roof. In Round Mountain you will find an assortment of stone buildings, wooden ruins, and vintage cars.

The route between Tonopah and Austin is especially scenic. A commercialized, but not overly bustling mining town, Austin is on highway 50. Austin houses several antique gift shops with good books about ghost towns. There is a





From 1867 to 1905, the courthouse in Belmont, (left) was the place where all county legal matters were settled. In 1905, Tonopah became the county seat and the courthouse was abandoned. In Manhattan, Nevada this Catholic church (above) was used as a place of worship until 1946. Now it too, has been deserted.

For ghost town buffs there are fewer better places than Tonopah, Nevada. The area around that city is a veritable gold mine for hunters whose treasure is ghost towns

BY GHOSTS!

By GLORIA LEWIS

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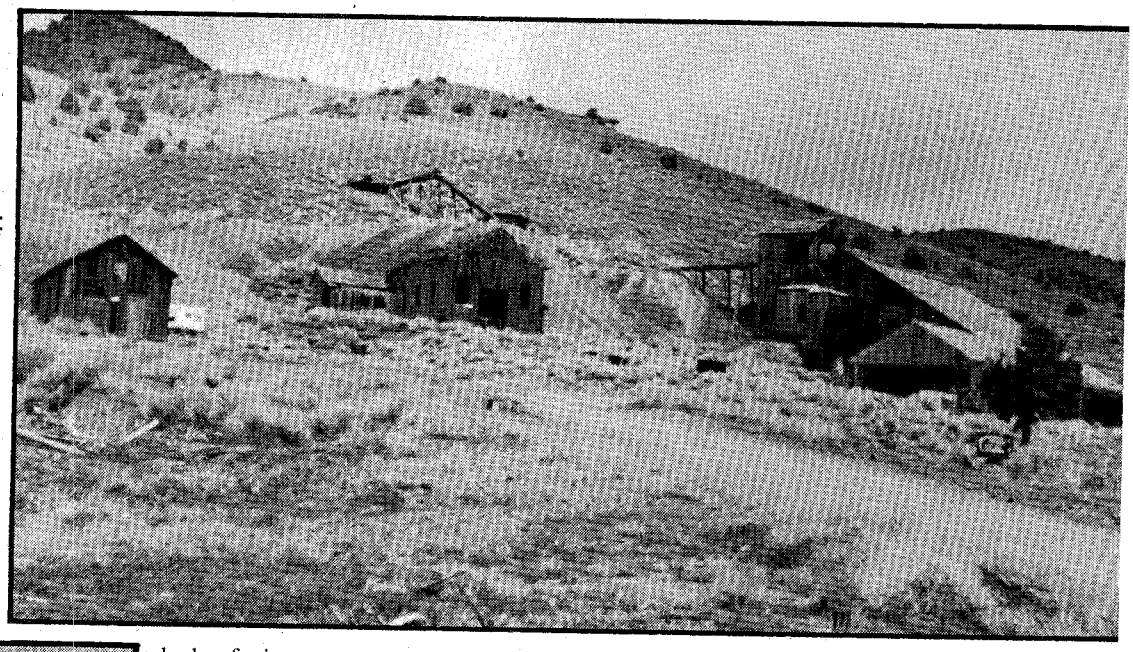
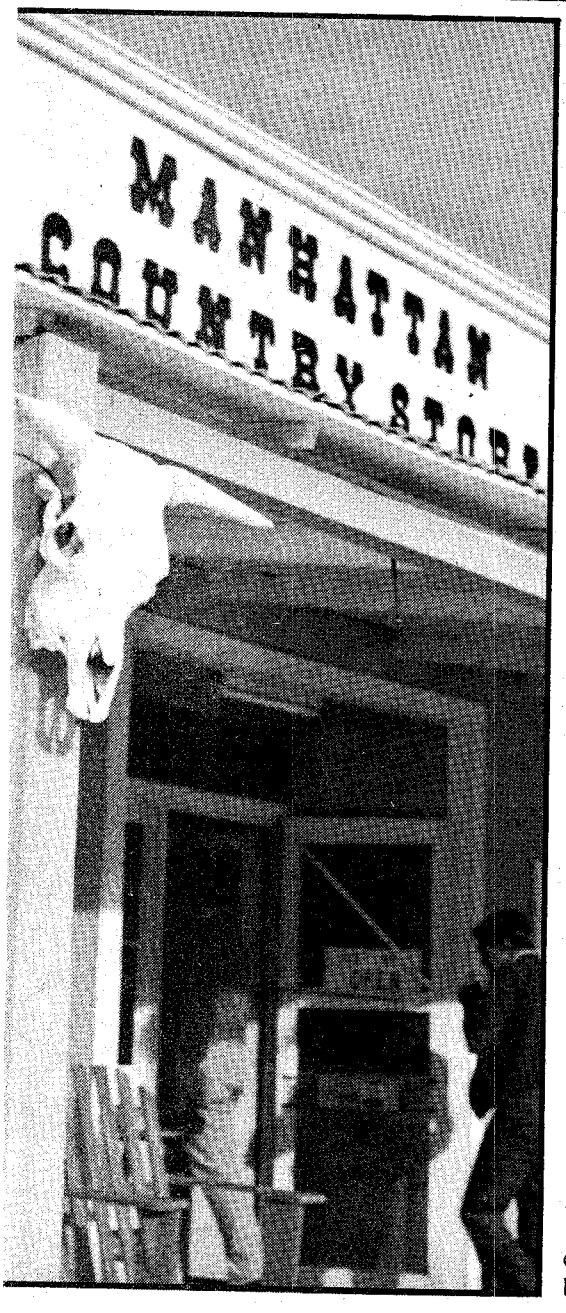
Right: Berlin, Nevada is not on most maps and is 100 miles from Tonopah. If listed at all, it is listed under Berlin's Ichthyosaur State Monument and fossils of "dinosaur" fish can be seen by the tourist. But those who wish to see the remains of a once thriving town will not be disappointed. Berlin visitors can see the ruins of an old mill and several wood buildings set against many mining spill dumps. Below: A Manhattan, Nevada old-time country store.





lack of picture post cards in the ghost town locality because of the high cost to print postcards and the low tourist demand for these cards.

Two of Austin's outstanding features are it's outdoor drop staircase at one of the main street buildings, and Stoke's Castle, which is not really a castle, but a tower. It overlooks Austin. Stokes, a railroad magistrate, built his "castle" on this ite because of its panoramic view. It is worth your short drive to the castle to share this view which includes not only the town of Austin, but the surrounding mountainous high desert.

Ione is a sleepy little town off dirt road number 21, 50 miles southwest of Austin. To reach Ione, head west out of Austin on US 50. In about two miles you will reach the junction of State Highway 2. After driving only eight miles on 2, you connect with the gravel road, State 21. Although you travel 40 miles on this road it is a good road and long enough to set the mood for the small early Western Americana town you are about to enter.

When our party of four reached Ione we found most of this small town's residents gathered in the Ione Tavern and snack bar. It was a friendly little store in a small stucco building which had the date 1864 above the door, a place where friends gathered to chat and enjoy the company of residents and infrequent tourists.

Originally, the small building was a country store and a post office for the thriving mining town. The rustic, well-kept old bar was moved to Ione from Fallon when the place became a tavern. Being teetotalers ourselves, Gene and I enjoyed a refreshing soft drink at the old bar, while Bill and Mary gassed up the Toyota (also a teetotaler) at the pump outside.

Although many claim Belmont was the first seat of Nye County, old time residents of Ione say, "Tain't so!" They can point out the fallen wood building which was once the county's first court house.

Today the living is liesurely in Ione. One old stone home, decorated with old buckets hanging from the corners of the roof and a steer skull over the door, has two old chairs in "sitting-out-evenings" position at each side of the front door. Weather-beaten, but wired together for stability, these chairs show signs of being used. They invite you to "come sit a spell" and enjoy Ione's solitude.

Only a hop, skip, and a jump from Ione is the truly deserted ghost town of Berlin. Berlin has the wood ruins of an old reduction mill and several wood buildings set against the backdrop of numerous mining spill dumps. This "chat" gives evidence of much mining activity during Berlin's heyday.

First activity reported in Berlin Canyon was in 1869. Berlin produced mostly silver. By 1900 the town had a population of 250, a machine shop, hotel, two saloons, general store, post office, stagecoach stop, doctor's office, and one slot machine. The ore in Berlin Canyon diminished. Labor troubles, excessive faulting, and rising mining costs brought Berlin's business to a standstill in 1909. Most maps do not show Berlin. They are more likely to indicate Berlin's Ichthyosaur State Monument.

It seems that ages ago all of the Berlin area was under water. Fossils have been found of a giant "dinosaur" fish. Ichthyosaur State Monument is open

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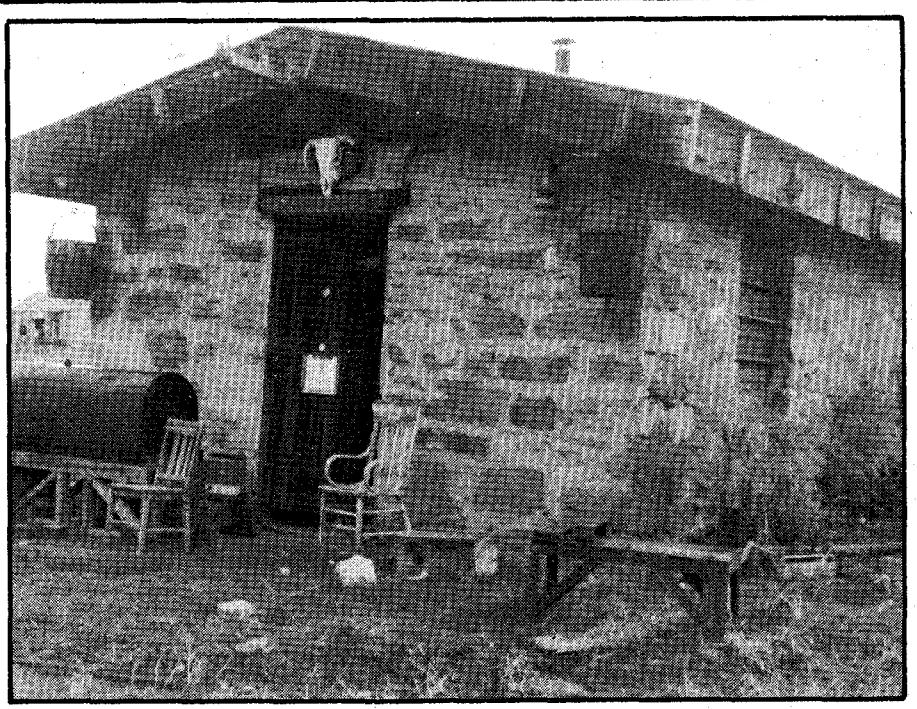
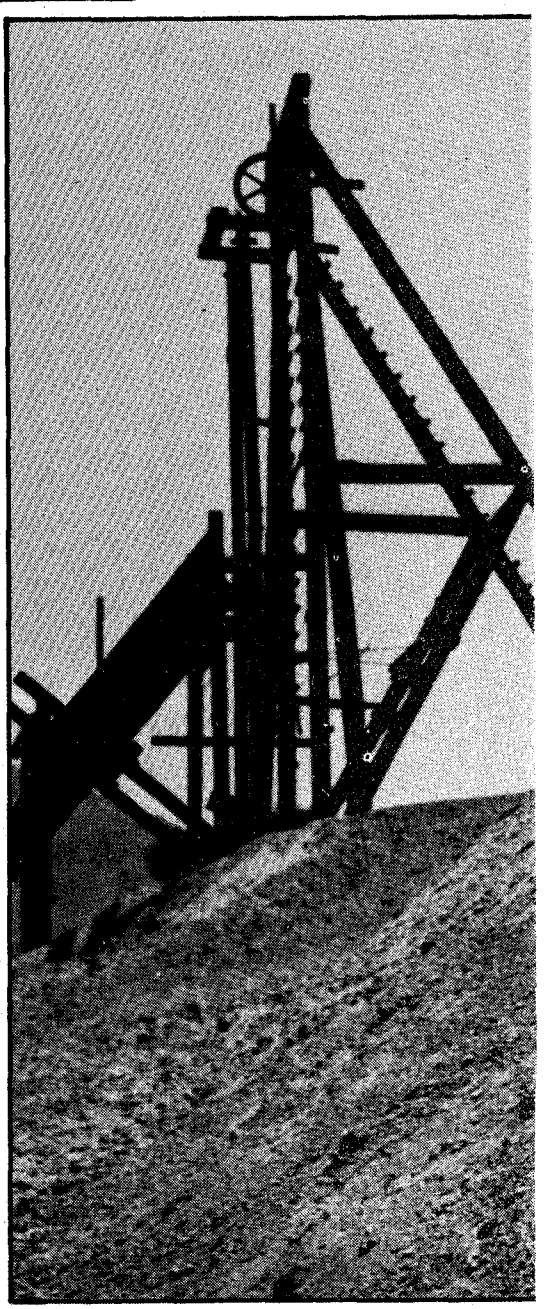
Left: Round Mt., Nevada has a bottle house partially buried but can be seen if you look for it. Round Mt. also has a variety of stone buildings and wooden ruins. Vintage cars can also be seen. Below: A headframe of a vertical mine shaft in Gold Point, which has a truly deserted appearance. Several wood buildings can be seen. The town was named Old Hornsilver when it was founded in 1866.





Ione, Nevada has many weathered cabins that seem to be lived in (above) when one considers the excellent condition of the roof and furniture. Many oldtimers swear that Ione was the first Nye County county seat.

daily at 10, 2, and 4 o'clock during the summer. Even a person who, like me, has no knowledge of paleontology, will find it interesting and exciting to the imagination when naturalist Dick King gives his graphic explanation.

One night, instead of checking into a motel, Gene and I spent the night at a wayside rest area on Highway 6, within sight of Tonopah's night lights. In most states it is presently lawful to stay overnight at rest areas.

This rest area even has special accommodations for auto sleepers. In a set aside section which has water, tables, autos and several pup tents. This rest area is two or three miles west of Tonopah. An historic marker at this rest area tells about Millers, a ghost town in clear view of the rest area. A beautiful bird abounds in this area. The colorful gold and black orioles had numerous nests in the cottonwood trees which shaded our camping spot.

At daybreak the next morning I set out with my camera for the ghost town. Gene, awaiting his morning coffee, kept a watchful eye on me from our campsite. Although within sight of the road, Millers has very few visitors because the corrogated steel building which you see

(Continued on page 50)

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by George R. Malden

SAGA OF A GREAT SCOUT ☆☆

Faced with almost impossible odds, this frontiersman led 30 men to safety

Scout Frank Grouard gave Lieutenant Sibley sound advice.

AT BEST Lieutenant Sibley figured the odds against him and his men were something like 300 to 1. Counting himself, his troop numbered 30 men. The Sioux had at least 3,000 warriors.

He asked his scout, Frank Grouard, what he thought of the odds. Grouard smiled, seemed utterly unconcerned, and said:

"Rather bad, don't you think, Lieutenant?"

Grouard always amazed the lieutenant. He had never seen the scout excited or nervous. General Crook had called Grouard the finest scout he'd ever seen, "worth a regiment." But here they were, 30 men in all, with more than 3,000 Sioux advancing against them.

Frank Grouard, a most unusual man, was 36 years old, a Sandwich Islander (Hawaiian) and a U.S. Army scout. Also called Standing Bear, he was the adopted son of Crazy Horse, and married to a Dakota Indian for 10 years. If that wouldn't make for a crazy mixed-up background, even for the West of that time, what would?

On that Thursday, July 6th, 1876, despite his nonchalance, Grouard's mind was working furiously, knowing their chances of survival were nonexistent if the Sioux saw their small party. He also knew that once they were spotted, he would be the first to be killed or captured, even if it cost 100 braves to do it.

A few days before, Brigadier General George Crook, on his way to meet General Terry, in command of the 7th Regiment, had run into a large band of Sioux, and a short but fierce battle had ensued.

Though the Indians lost more than one hundred men, the balance of the war party had managed to slip out of Crook's grasp. This battle posed a serious problem since it delayed his contact with General Terry. Unknown to him or anyone else at the time, it also helped set up the situation for the Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn.

If Crook and Terry had joined forces, as planned, General Custer probably wouldn't have fallen into the fatal trap. But General Crook couldn't move his troops quickly with a large Sioux army on his flanks, so he had sent Lieutenant Frederick Sibley and a small detachment to reconnoiter and report on the whereabouts of the Sioux. The detachment consisted of the lieutenant, 26 cavalry men, Grouard, one other scout, and John Finerty, a Chicago newspaperman.

A day or so later, they came to a spot where they could not see what was ahead of them. Grouard motioned Sibley to stop while he went on to check. Riding his Indian pony up the side of a red sandstone butte, he dismounted a few yards from the top and crawled up the rocky slope. Nearing the crest, he got down flat on his belly and wriggled the rest of the way to the crest.

Putting his head cautiously over the rim, Grouard looked down at the terrain beyond him for some distance. What he saw made him pull his head down at once. Then he looked again, reckoning numbers and distance. Wasting no more time, he turned and half-rolled, half-scrambled back to his horse and rode as fast as the rough land would let him back to the detachment.

Sibley, seeing Grouard's rush, rode to meet him. He didn't have to ask, the scout spoke first.

"Three thousand Sioux or more, led by Chief Gall, the Hunkpapa leader."

Lieutenant Sibley looked back at his little group.

"Have we got a chance?" he asked.

"Yes, if they don't see us. If they spot us, well—you know what will happen to me. Even if they don't see us now, if they keep coming this way, they'll know we were here. The Sioux can track down a single man in the mountains. They won't miss a group like this. But if we leave before they see us, we might have a chance by taking to the hills. If we stick to the mountains, we can ride to the Wind River side, then go south, cross back over the range below Clear Peak and get to General Crook. You see, the

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National Archives

General Crook, above with Indians, called Grouard the finest scout he'd ever seen, "worth a regiment."

Indians fear the high mountains. They believe the Great Spirit lives there and they would be violating his home by going there."

"Then let's start . . ." Sibley said.

THE lieutenant's words were cut short by a shout from one of the cavalrymen. The two men turned and saw a file of Sioux coming down the mountainside, less than half a mile away. The cavalrymen jumped for their horses, but a war whoop from the mountain showed they had been seen.

Grouard coaxed his horse up the steep incline of the mountain, turned and looked for a moment. He figured there were only about 300 Indians coming up the incline. He guided the troops into a dimly traced trail. He couldn't see the Indians from its tree-shaded darkness, but he knew they would show up again, in larger numbers.

Grouard kept the small cavalry troop climbing, passing through one mountain park after another, appearing beautiful in the bright afternoon sun. The horses were tiring from the long climb, and when they entered an open space slightly larger than the others they had been through, he decided to stop for a while.

The mountain meadow had a line of large boulders marking its left side. On the right was a thick forest of pine. Grouard had been, more or less, guarding the rear for the last few minutes. He didn't want to call a halt. Although he had not seen nor heard any sign of Indians for some time, his Sioux-sharpened instincts told him they were nearby. On the other hand, the men were tired and the horses were winded from the climb and the altitude.

Suddenly, from the middle of the open space, Becker, the packer who had been herding the supply mules at the rear of the column, yelled:

"The Sioux—there they are!"

A volley of gunfire came from the rear left, and the cavalrymen who turned saw a column of Indians racing up the trail they had just come over, firing wildly.

Grouard rode up and down the line, calling:

"Hit the timber! Hit the timber!"

The little detachment was on the right side of the glen, hard by the pine woods, and it took them very little time to gain the relative safety of the trees. The horse of Finerty, the Chicago newspaper correspondent, was hit by a bullet but made it to the cover of the woods before collapsing.

The moment the men reached the woods, Lieut. Sibley ordered them to tie their horses farther back in the woods out of the way. A few feet inside the pine woods was a natural barricade of boulders in a sort of semicircle, giving some protection and a place from which to shoot. While the men tied their horses to trees farther back and took their positions, the Sioux were shooting wildly into the woods. Sibley and Grouard posted the men in a defensive position, behind the boulders and fallen tree trunks, their rifles pointed out toward the clearing which was now filling with Indians. Not a single shot had been fired by the cavalrymen. Word was passed down the line to be sparing in the use of ammunition, as each man carried only 100 rounds, while the Sioux continued their wild shooting, obviously with no shortage to worry them. Despite this, not a single man had been hit.

Finally, word came to fire.

"Pick your man," Grouard told them. "Every shot must count."

The first fusillade from the cavalry shook the Indians for a moment, then they returned to the attack with greater abandon.

Now and then, a young Sioux warrior would spring to his feet, in clear view of the defenders, and challenge the whites to kill him. This bold practice didn't last very long; invariably one of the cavalry marksmen would take up the challenge.

The battle raged in this fashion for several hours, with the Indians firing ten shots to *(Continued on page 46)*

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COURAGE OF ROBERT AND LUCY GILBERT

by Lee Myers

ONE WOULD NATURALLY expect that the old Gilbert ranch, with its rich historical background, would be widely known, especially in its own locality. Strangely enough, it is not. Some old timers still living knew the place in their younger days. A few knew it as the old stage coach station. A handful of history buffs know a little about its story. Some treasure hunters have heard fabulous tales of a hoard of gold buried there.

Its appearance doesn't stir the imagination of visitors. As one crosses over the dry bed of the Penasco River on U.S. Highway 285, Carlsbad to Artesia, New Mexico, the tired old roof of the one-time ranch house can be seen among a clump of trees about a quarter-mile west, just another deserted, weather-beaten, old farm house. What a surprise is in store for those who like their Western history spiced with a little remaining evidence of glory.

Among the first established ranches in one of the West's last Frontier areas. Gilbert's ranch knew the history of ranching in New Mexico from post Civil War days to the turn of this century.

Before the end of the Civil War the Pecos Valley, from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, south to Immigrant and Horsehead Crossings, was an unknown country, scarcely explored except by an occasional small detachment of Blue Coats chasing Apaches. In 1866, Charlie Goodnight and Oliver Loving came trailing a herd of longhorns up the Pecos from Texas, bound for a reported market for beef at Fort Sumner where they were needed to feed the 8,000 or so Navajo and Apache Indians who were being held prisoners there. They had been moved from their tribal grounds to halt depredations against white settlers.

The next year John Simpson Chisum, trailing another herd to the same destination, saw in the fine natural grasses of the Pecos Valley a superb range for cattle. Leaving a few remnants of his herd near Fort Sumner to graze, he hurried back to Texas to collect a second herd to stock his new-found grass lands and established a headquarters at Bosque Grande, between present day Roswell and Fort Sumner.

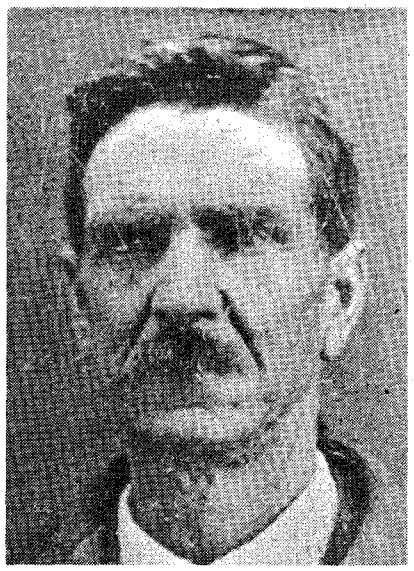
With the route pioneered by Goodnight, Loving and Chisum, other cattle-poor Texans immediately followed in their wake with both beef and brood stock and the solitude of the Pecos Valley was broken by the bawling herds and dusty, thirsty cowboys.

About this time Roswell, New Mexico, was born as a lone general store, usually called a trading post. It developed into a small village. However, some 65 miles down-river, between present day Carlsbad and Artesia, there sprang up, in willy-nilly fashion, what was to become the principal supply center of the valley and one of the West's most vicious little cow towns — Seven Rivers.

Law enforcement, feeble at its best, was far removed at Lincoln, in the White Mountains, and old Mesilla, on the Rio Grande. At Seven Rivers men did as they pleased, supported by six-shooter justice. Word spread of the new country on the Pecos, and the region soon became a Mecca for all manner of desperate, reckless men. The valley and bordering hills were alive with Chisum's cattle, Grama-grass fat, that could be sold, with no questions asked, to unscrupulous beef contractors on the Mescalero reservation at Fort Stanton, just west of Lincoln. For recreation, Seven Rivers offered the age-old combination of liquor, women and cards.

Into this happy environment, while Seven Rivers was still in her swaddling clothes, came Tennessee born Robert M. Gilbert, Mexican War soldier, California gold rusher, Arizona Indian fighter, foot-loose and looking for a likely place to settle.

Seven Rivers, so says his daughter, Mrs. Mary Crecelius of Plains, Montana, was not to his liking because of its swaggering gun toters, so he kept looking. Some twelve miles north, on



Tennessee-born Robert M. Gilbert.

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Mary Crecelius

Mrs. Lucy Perkins Gilbert.

This is the story of a Western ranch, the people who lived there, and the dangers they encountered on the frontier

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the banks of the Penasco, he found his promised land.

PENASCO RIVER rises well up in the Sacramento Mountains, to the west. It tumbles and twists along, not much of a stream, until it runs into the wide Pecos Valley where it soon disappears into the sand. A few miles farther along, water from a series of fine springs again appears. It was at that point that Gilbert decided to locate.

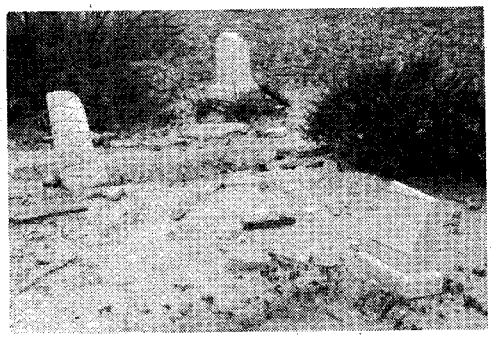
He first pre-empted 32 acres to which he added in later years, a timber claim on the north and another place further downstream toward the Pecos. His first move was to dam the river below his springs and to lead the precious water off to his newly planted fields by a series of ditches. A mile below the springs he built a one-room, stone house and set up his bachelor housekeeping.

Although he had left Seven Rivers to get away from the outlaw element, he was still susceptible to roving groups and trigger-happy individuals, so one of his first tasks was to dig an underground hide-out where he could be reasonably safe. Roving bands of renegade Mescalero Apaches from Fort Stanton Indian reservation were also a constant threat that made the hide-out additionally desirable.

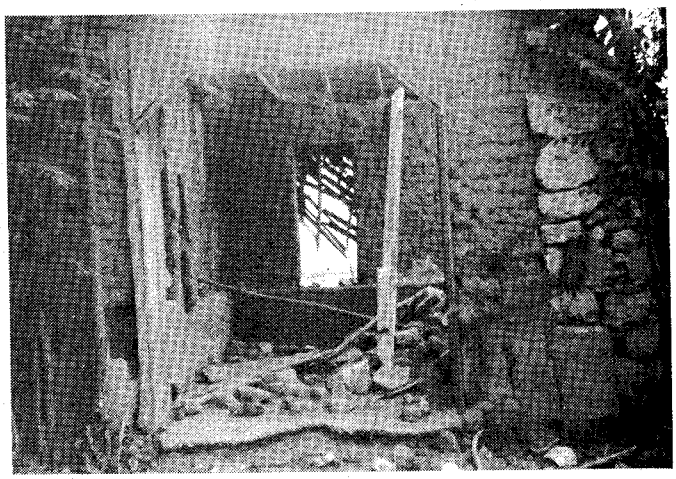
With hired help, he quickly put land under production. Besides the ordinary farm grains he planted apple, peach and pecan trees and garden produce of all kinds. Believing the hard winds that sweep down the Pecos Valley at certain seasons to be harmful to fruit trees he imported and planted osage orange, or as it is still known in Texas bois d'arc, to provide wind breaks. His plans included not only farming but ranching as well and he soon had the nucleus of a fine herd of cattle grazing his nearby range land.

His farms, orchards and livestock prospered, but it was still Frontier country and all was not rosy. His outlaw neighbors caused much trouble. Once they swept down on the ranch and drove off his entire herd of cattle. Goaded by such a loss, Gilbert and his hands took up the trail of the stolen herd. Overtaking them, Gilbert assumed an air of bravado that he did not exactly feel, faced the rustlers and declared that he was taking his stock back home. It worked. The outlaws pretended the whole thing to be somewhat of a joke. They said they were only hungry and that Gilbert could have the herd if he would only give them one steer to be slaughtered for food. More than pleased to recover his property so easily, Gilbert agreed to the terms, cut out one animal and drove the rest back to his ranch.

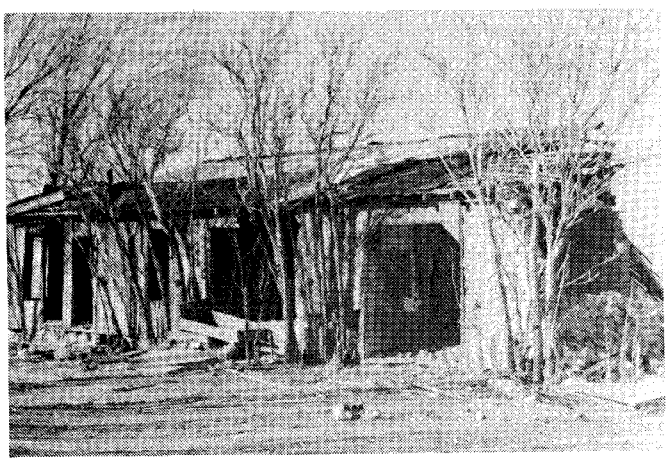
Lawlessness in the valley increased in 1878 when Texas, long overburdened with fugitives from other states, declared open season on their unwanted visitors by posting the names of more than 4,000 and offered sizeable rewards for many of them. There was only one way the wanted men could flee — west. Next-door to Texas was New Mexico and the Pecos Valley with its lawless haven. The population of the Valley swelled over- *(Continued on page 62)*



Three graves dating back to the 19th Century located near the ranch house.

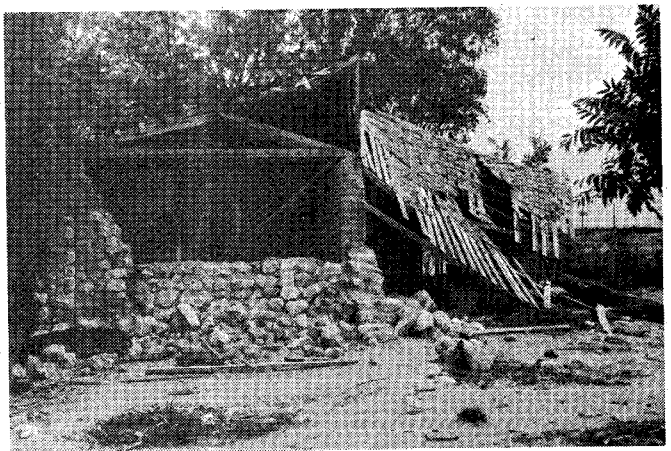


The stone and adobe section of the original house.



This is the old ranch house stage station.

Author's Photos



Age and neglect have taken their toll on the house.

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THAT GOOD

HUNDREDS OF STORIES ABOUT THE BAD DALTONS HAVE

by Arnold M. Morton

Frank Dalton (upper left) when he was a member of a posse.

THERE WERE five hard-shooting brothers bearing the dark Dalton name. Four had records so infamous that they overshadowed the better reputation of the fifth.

Two of them, bumbling Grat and flashy Bob, died outlaws' deaths after having worn lawmen's stars. A third, the loudmouthed Emmett, roosted 14 years in a penitentiary because he exchanged his badge for the loot sack. A fourth, foxy Bill also cashed in as a law dodger when he once aspired to be a lawmaker.

The fifth Dalton was Frank, called, "The Good Dalton Boy." He was honest and he died as a hero for law and order.

Yet he lived by none of the prim rules that Adeline Younger Dalton, the pious mother of the rambunctious Daltons, tried to lay down for all her 15 children. Born in Missouri, the nest of all the clan, Frank could cuss as hard as Grat could drink, which was some achievement. No stranger to a jug, Frank could even outstrut Bob and Emmett when the corn juice coursed like fire in his tall, thin frame. He could outride Bill though no other Dalton could ever out-talk or out-trade that suave Bill.

Frank probably never went beyond the third or fourth grade in school. And that wasn't really his fault. He was one Dalton who took some responsibility for bringing in cash money to that family of many mouths and scant pocketbooks.

Frank might swear and stew at the horse droppings that he swept up in livery stables where his brothers hung around to loaf or brag. He might rip out a four letter word in the presence of a lady. But there was never a job too sweaty or dirty for him to turn down. Maybe he felt awfully ashamed of his good-for-nothing male parent and wanted to show the public that a Dalton could turn an honest dollar.

In 1883, when Frank was 24, the family leased a farm in the Indian territory. Emmett, then just 11, was more interested in racing ponies with Indian boys than in milking cows or pitching fodder. Bob, a little older, was already decking out in whatever finery he could pick up to "spark" the girls. Grat roamed around getting soused at country dances, then breaking up the parties with his competent fists. Bill traded and swapped while gabbing about politics, but didn't kick in much money to help the family. At 17, he got into trouble with a little nester girl and lit out ahead of her kinfolks' shotguns to California.

So, cussing blue streaks, Frank set out to support the family and to keep his wilder brothers out of jail. By this time, he was expecting to have another mouth to feed. He was courting a Territory girl named Naomi who would become Mrs. Frank Dalton.

INDIAN TERRITORY was full of outlaws who needed killing. The work was cut out for a man who could ride and shoot like the relatively Good Dalton Boy. Frank Dalton probably never thought of himself as a budding hero when he hired out as a deputy United States marshal in 1884. He needed a job. This job of man hunting might have dangers but so did bronc busting, cowpunching and other frontier occupations.

For three long years Marshal Frank Dalton did honor to a name that scarcely had been a respected one in Kansas and Indian Territory. He rode across the Territory dragging in thieves, murderers and whisky runners to face the merciless sentences of terrible old U.S. District Judge Isaac Parker in Fort Smith. The pay was low, the risks were high.

But Frank Dalton served every warrant and bucked every draw. Because he was almost illiterate, he had to ask the help of other lawmen in writing out reports. But no odds could phase him; no desperado could bluff him.

He ranked as one of the finest lawmen in Parker's legion. Out of his irregular pay, he sent every copper he could home to his mother. Naomi, it is believed, was polishing up his tongue while he kept the noses of his rowdy brothers clean.

The rough young officer was determined that the Daltons wouldn't go the way of the Youngers. Many of his fellow marshals were saying out of his earshot that Grat, Bob and Emmett had the makings of hard cases. Emmett had

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Western Historical Collection Photos

Indian Territory needed a fearless marshal like Frank.

If you want to be sentimental about Naomi you can call her "The Lost Lady of the Daltons." At any rate, she was a lady and of a different jib from the gamey girls whom Emmett and Bob and Grat went for. She was a good wife to Frank. Woman fashion, she tried to persuade her man to give up the dangerous trade of lawing for something less shadowed by the gun.

But a Dalton held on to his gun, no matter what he used it for.

The time was late fall of 1887, four years after the raggle-taggle clan had settled in Indian Territory. Grover Cleveland was president. Railroads stretching across the West were destined to transform it. But across Indian Territory, through peaks and prairies the wild bunches still rode, though Judge Parker's gallows in Fort Smith creaked with the weight of corpses.

Under the very shadow of the dread court in Arkansas River bottoms opposite Fort Smith but on the Territory side, there operated a small but fierce gang of bootleggers and horse thieves led by Bill Smith which probably wasn't his real name. This gunslinger had a hard junior henchman

DALTON BOY

BEEN PUBLISHED THIS ONE TELLS A DIFFERENT TALE

already gotten in one scrape for fouling a horse with an Indian boy named Scott Audrain. Emmett hit his rival's pony a blow over the head with a quirt. For many months the Dalton "baby" had to make himself scarce around Vinita.

It is said, without definite proof, that Frank got Bob and Grat their first jobs as star wearers in the police force of the Cherokee Nation. Their job was to keep boomers and squatters out of the Cherokee Strip leased to Texas cattlemen for grazing. Frank is also believed to have helped Emmett, a brash brat of 15, land a job as a cowpuncher on the Bar XB Ranch near the Pawnee Indian Agency. Unfortunately for a growing boy, Emmett would soon pardner up with such budding long riders as Bill Doolin, Charley Pierce, Blackface Charley Bryant, Dick Broadwell and others whose names would afterwards shine with his.

Bill had married a girl from a well-to-do family in California. He was dabbling in politics as a self-proclaimed champion of little ranchers and farmers against the mighty Southern Pacific Railroad. All the boys seemed to have settled down and the family fortunes were improving correspondingly. Frank Dalton now felt free to marry Naomi and start a home of his own.

Of all the Dalton women, we know the least about this one who became the bride of the cussing, conscientious son. Her maiden name is uncertain. There are vague stories that she was from one of the English speaking, mixed-blood Indian families in the Territory. This story may have given birth to the comparable legend which wasn't true, that the Daltons themselves were part Indian.

named Bill Towerly, and a mean senior partner called Dixon. A woman was seen constantly with the gang. She may have been Smith's woman or Dixon's woman or the common sweetheart of the whole pack for such arrangements were not uncommon in outlaw circles. Anyhow she sported a pistol along with her gentleman friends and knew how to squeeze a trigger almost as well as they.

Frank Dalton was 27 years old. The day he went hunting the Smith gang was November 27th, 1877. He took along another deputy, Jim Cole, to aide him. Some say that tribal policeman Bob Dalton was a third member of that little posse and barely got away with his life. But I find no authentic evidence to substantiate this claim in my years of research on the Daltons.

Frank Dalton and Jim Cole were in Fort Smith after delivering a load of prisoners to Judge Parker's smelly dungeon of a jail. The old judge was considerably embarrassed about the activities of the bunch who were stealing horses and peddling forbidden whisky so close to his courtroom. More or less of a routine assignment, the two marshals were ordered to roust out the bunch before returning to assigned chores farther off in the Territory. A few other lawmen seem to have been sent along as reinforcements.

Dalton and Cole probably underestimated this particular task of bandit-nabbing. Apparently they charged at full speed into the outlaw camp shouting that its residents were under arrest and demanding that they throw down their guns.

The surprised desperadoes, including the woman, answered the summons with a blast of *(Continued on page 62)*

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LIFE INSURANCE

(Continued from page 10)

tive precepts of society meant little when one was confronted by an armed foe.

Sam Colt's life insurance came in different sizes and shapes and was anything but what the name "Peacemaker" implied. His form of life insurance was carried by most men for their own protection and self-preservation. It was carried in a leather holster strapped to the waist ready to show at a moments notice—whenever the occasion arose.

It is difficult to discuss the peacemaker without being swayed by the glamour of its illustrious past. This was the gun which roared in the saloons, along the boardwalks and on the cattle trails of the frontier. When used by those expert wizards these guns were the instruments of an art not a bit less sophisticated than the aristocratic swordsmanship reminiscent of d'Artagan and the three Musketeers.

For all men to be really equal required three prime factors—the holster, the gun, and the man. Merely putting a "Colt's .45" into the hands of a duffer did not necessarily constitute a fair fight. This "hawg-leg" had to fulfill certain requirements, along with the holster and the man, to make things equal.

Let us first examine the holster—Part One of this deadly equation. It had to have three prime requisites. Comfort and security, and a shape that allowed a lightning-fast "draw." The "full house" buscadero type of holster had not yet come into existence so most men carried their life insurance in an open-top pouch type holster slung on a rather loose-fitting belt around the waist. Most men at the time took to designing their own holsters to fit their own particular needs and to their own satisfaction. This loose-fitting belt usually carried any extra cylinder loads in small loops.

Sam Colt's "pacifier" provided the second part of the equation upon which a man was willing to stake his life. First and foremost this "iron" had to be dependable. It must, under all circumstances, do exactly what it was supposed to do, each and every time, without fail. It required the ability to put an individual out of action with but one "hit."

When a man had been "dusted on both sides," the results had to be conclusive. There was no margin for error! A clumsy, overly heavy gun with a complicated operation was a sure ticket to never-never land. It had to be powerful and handy. It had to remain manageable under all circumstances.

Now we come to possibly the most sensitive and important segment of this equation—the man. A man toting his life insurance strapped to his waist had to be able to perform certain tasks well if he intended to remain alive. All of this had to be done under a certain code. If a man violated this code, he became an "outlaw."

This code contained a simple set of rules. A man paid his gambling debts. His word was kept—even if it killed him. A man was not shot from ambush. A man was not held accountable for the results of a "fair fight." (The nucellus of the explosion was the definition of a fair fight.) If both parties were equally well armed, were both equally aware of the unique situation, and presumably took punitive or defensive action at approximately the same time, it was supposed

Samuel Colt is the inventor of the famous Colt .45 Peacemaker, the most reliable gun a man could buy.

to constitute a fair fight. If he lived, the loser could not later complain socially, morally, or legally.

Most gunslingers realized that to emerge alone from a fair fight they had to be certain all possible advantages had been placed in their favor. First a "fast draw" was practiced until all possible speed was attained. He had to be able to "clear leather" faster than his opponent. This required many long hours of practice, practice, and more practice, but men did pratice—to remain alive.

The ultimate in gunfighting was to "beat the drop." To do this a man had to be able to draw his gun and kill his opponent who might be aiming a cocked gun at him at short range. The number of men who actually beat the drop can be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

Once a man had mastered this fast draw he was almost as dangerous as the man who might be walking around with a cocked pistol in his hand.

If a man were going to become involved in a fight he had to learn to survive by winning his fights—or stand back out of the way. Likewise he had to learn to fight decisively. A poor loser is no threat to anyone if he is dead. He had to learn to control a volatile temper. Fist fighting, to these accomplished gunfighters, was ridiculous—it solved nothing and incurred the danger of damage to the gun hand.

One thing a man had to be closely aware of whether his opponent was as equally well gifted at clearing leather as was he. The difference between two ruthless men is so slight that the loser's bullet is on its way before the other's bullet can take affect. This called for skillful techniques of planning which must not be obvious to anyone—especially his victim. He must plan light, range, background and physical position in advance. This would make it appear to any spectators that his foe had been done in at a fair fight.

Sheer speed was not enough. Accuracy was, of course, of the greatest importance. These old-time gunslingers were accurate enough to suit their particular needs. They relied greatly upon Sam Colt's life insurance and the mighty slug it spewed forth to make up for the few discrepancies they had not yet mastered. It was a question as to whether or not he could hit a man's trunk first—a large enough target—that counted most.

It was a man's mental attitude which made him such a deadly antagonist. This facet of his character was so important that it was probably the keystone in the approach to the whole subject of the old western gunslinger. This mind over matter situation explains some of the inexplicable circumstances that occur in gunfighting, yet it is rarely mentioned.

Once speed and accuracy had been mastered success could only be reached via a killer's mind. Even a moderately fast man who was ready to kill without compulsion was much more deadly than a veritable magician who was held back by civilized scruples. Rising above the fact that he was taking another man's life, the ultimate in the gunslinger was in not giving a damn about his own life.

Because Sam Colt's life insurance was terribly slow to load, the two-gun man came into being. He never used both of them at once, but carried one as a spare so as never to be caught in action with an empty gun. A man might lose his money, his saddle or even his horse—but he made certain that he never lost his frontier life insurance. ●

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CATTLE KING

(Continued from page 27)

Fences were a constant source of friction between Washington and the tribesmen. He kept putting up more fence than was allowed and refused to take it down when told to do so. This angered the Chickasaws, a fact that troubled Bill not at all. One day when such a feud was in progress Bill invited the Chickasaw chief to come spend the night with him. Hoping to talk sense into Bill and settle the matter peaceably the chief came and brought fifty of his men along. During the night Washington sent his men on a mission that showed his utter disregard for the rights of the people in whose land he lived. Every Indian pony was driven down the banks of Mud Creek and killed. Next day the Indians set out on the long walk back to Tishomingo.

Even Bill Washington knew that he had gone rather far. Fully expecting reprisals he set the stage. He sent his wife away to a safe place and gathered his men together to await the fight that he expected. Several days passed and nothing happened. Bill began to wonder if the Chickasaws were going to let the incident pass. Then riders were seen approaching. Washington and his men took shelter and awaited their callers. But when the oncoming men drew closer Bill suddenly stared. Then he swore in a fury. Those men were United States troopers! The Chickasaws had gone to Federal authorities for help. He swung on his men.

"Get out there and roll up that wire," he shouted angrily. "Get a move on! If those troopers get here first they will cut it to pieces."

And that was the end of fencing pastures for a time. The law of the Indians was not the only one Washington bucked up against. Some of the land in Oklahoma was opened to white settlers and Federal Courts were established in a few towns to try U.S. citizens. Washington along with many another man fought against even the slight restraint this placed upon them.

Washington had two neighboring ranchers who were as rough and tough as he was. The three of them hired Jim Miller to do their dirty work for them. Miller was a known badman and was wanted by the U.S. marshals. One of them, Gus Bobbett, had followed Miller's trail like a hound on a scent for a long time. He was becoming a nuisance. The three ranchers decided they had had enough of the lawman and sent Miller into Ada where Bobbett was operating with orders to kill him.

Miller shot and killed the marshal but did not walk out scot free. He was arrested and put in jail. This angered the three ranchers. Arrogantly sure of their power Washington, one of the Roffs and Sherman Jones rode up to the little frontier town to make bond for their hired gun. A surprise awaited them. When they rode into town they found a lynch mob milling about in the dusty road in front of the jail. Seemed as though the law abiding citizens were all worked up about having their law enforcement officers being used for target practice and had decided to do something about it. Times were changing.

With little ceremony Washington, Roff and Jones were taken along with Miller for a little lesson teaching ceremony. All four of them were marched to a large barn. Here they were summarily strung up to the sturdy rafters. Miller was left hanging until dead while Bill and his two cronies were cut down just short of that. They were told to be out ot town within an hour. This kind of language they understood. They went.

Several times Washington made drives to Fort Worth. Once he took a big herd down to the booming Texas town. Full of good will and exuberance at the end of a hard drive Bill took the proceeds of the sale of the herd, went into a jewelry store and bought a paper sack of unset diamonds. He walked down the street broadcasting diamonds to startled and bedazzled passersby.

Bill lived high and wide. He maintained a home in the town of Marietta as well as on his ranch. But time was closing in on him. The Chickasaw Nation allotted their land. Each member was given private ownership of parcels of land thus doing away with previous tribal ownership of all lands. The widespread acres of the Washington Ranch were included in this division and the new owners wanted to move onto their property. Bill would have none of that.

The Indian owners were very persistent. They would move onto their newly acquired land, set up a tent or build a little house of sorts. At night Washington and his men came in on the helpless Indians, hogtied them, bundled them and their possessions up, carried them to the edge of what he considered his land and threw them off. The Indians moved back and were again thrown off.

This unequal battle went on between Bill and the legal owners for many years. By 1911 some of the allotments had been sold by the discouraged owners and the hardbitten old rancher faced up to changed times. He took his outfit and moved to New Mexico where he could once more find breathing space. One of the last of a tough breed of men who were a law unto themselves, Bill Washington and others like him helped in their own way to push back the frontier and bring in the orderly, trammeled life they themselves could not endure. ●

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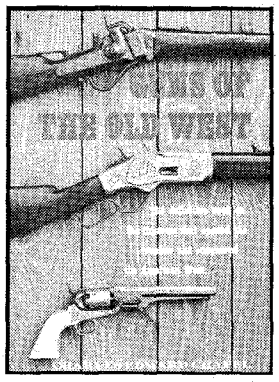

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SAGA OF A GREAT SCOUT

(Continued from page 39)

the cavalry's one. Inevitably, the Indian fire began to chip away branches and parts of the trees, and several of the tied-up horses in the rear were hit. The braves shouted with pleasure each time they heard a horse scream, thinking each dead animal meant one more soldier was doomed to stay there to meet his fate.

The steady firing and sharpshooting of the cavalrymen was taking its toll, but in a battle of attrition, the sheer weight of numbers made the outcome obvious, even though no whites had been hit as yet.

Even Finerty, the newspaperman, got in his licks. During one exchange, the Chicagoan yelled: "I got one."

He had knocked over a young buck who had jumped up from his position to yell at Grouard, saying what he would do to him.

All during the exchange, the Sioux had been shouting at the scout taunting him, telling him what torture they had planned for him! Grouard only laughed—he knew what would happen to him if he ever got caught, and had stashed away one last emergency bullet so, if worse came to worse, he would never be taken alive.

TOWARD evening a sudden silence fell among the Indians in the clearing. The shooting stopped, and Grouard went up and down the line warning the soldiers to be ready for a new, fierce attack. During this brief lull, the verbal attacks on the scout didn't abate. If anything, the threats grew more vicious, more pointed, or perhaps it was just that they could all be heard clearer without the competition from the rifle fire.

The Sioux regarded Grouard as a traitor, a renegade, and saved their scorn for him, which was understandable in a way.

Frank Grouard had been born in what is now Hawaii, the son of a bi-racial family, part French, part Hawaiian. In 1855, at the age of fifteen, Frank had run away, shipping as a cabin boy on a four-master bound for San Francisco. San Francisco at that time was the liveliest city around, and its lure proved too much for Grouard.

For a few years, he worked at odd jobs, in the city and then in the gold fields. He picked up an education from a book-loving miner from the East who grew interested in the waif from the far Pacific, and taught him to read and write English.

When Grouard learned to ride, he developed into an expert horseman. Not a large man, he had the light and graceful bearing of many of the Islanders, along with the quick mind of the French. As a fine horseman, with his strong, lithe body and light weight, he was a natural "long rider." Once this was noticed, he got a regular job carrying dispatches from army posts in the Midwest to the West Coast. He became a one-man Pony Express before that famous but brief fast-mail service was started.

It was during his dispatch-riding days that he became enmeshed with the Sioux. Chief Crazy Horse was moving his village to a new camp. Some braves came across Grouard a little west of Cheyenne, captured him and took him back in triumph to their chief.

For some reason, possibly because he was a novelty, Crazy Horse seemed to like him and allowed him to live, as a member of the tribe. More important than that, Grouard was adopted by Chief Crazy Horse as his son.

For ten years, this transplanted Hawaiian lived the life of a Plains Indian. He might have continued to live this way indefinitely, and the U.S. Army would never have had one of its great scouts, if it hadn't been for two women.

Grouard married the daughter of a Dakota sub-chief, and settled down contentedly with his squaw and adopted brothers. One day, on a trading trip to Fort Laramie, he saw a pretty blonde girl, the daughter of a cavalry captain. He saw that she noticed him looking at her, and found a way to get to speak to her. It was an unimportant meeting, except that Grouard's Indian wife saw it.

She became violently jealous.

"This is what you do when you leave me to trade," she screamed at him. "Only this time I was along, and I saw."

Grouard reckoned without the primitive jealousy of an Indian. She quieted down verbally, became surly and uncommunicative. He thought the incident, which he regarded as minor, was blowing over. Then a young brave he had once saved from drowning and who had become a close friend came to him with the news that he should be careful.

"Why?" he asked.

"Your squaw's brothers are going to kill you. Your wife has persuaded them that the family honor has been lost, that you have disgraced them."

Not wanting to spend the rest of his life, which might be extremely short under the circumstances, worrying about a knife in the back, or a throat slit in his sleep, he slipped away that night.

A WEEK later, he got a job as a civilian scout for the Army. His nomadic life as a Sioux had given him an intimate knowledge of every part of the terrain, every hidden mountain path from Minnesota to the East, the British territory to the north, and the Arkansas River to the south and west. He had more than a clue to the workings of the Indian mind, their customs and habits.

The Sioux, of course, never forgave him. They had let him know they would never forget, and some day hoped to cut his heart out and feed it to the dogs.

So as the uneven battle between Lieutenant Sibley's men and the Sioux was halted for a time, the scout warned the cavalrymen of the new assault to come while the Indians continued to taunt him with their most vehement hatred.

The lull lasted less than a quarter of an hour. Suddenly, the Sioux sprang up from their places of concealment and charged forward. Ahead of them, leading the attack, ran a huge chief, an awe-inspiring sight in a magnificent war bonnet and snow-white buckskins.

"That's White Antelope, the Cheyenne,'" Grouard shouted to Lieutenant Sibley. "Get him. Direct your fire at him."

Twenty yards from the timber, the huge chief, running like the animal he was named for, stumbled and skidded forward on his face. His headdress tumbled off and he lay still. The wild charge stopped as though the Sioux had run into a stone wall, and the warriors turned back to their lines, taking the body of the dead chief with them. The Northern Cheyennes had joined the Sioux in the general uprising against the whites.

"We'll have a breathing spell of maybe an hour," Grouard said. "Then it will be

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dark."

He explained that there would be a pause while the Indians discussed the matter. Sometimes the death of a great chief in battle was seen as an omen that the Great Spirit was displeased, and they would withdraw completely. Usually, during the discussion, someone would spur them on to greater efforts, to avenge the death of a leader who had fallen honorably in battle.

The soldiers slumped at their positions with weariness and relief. They had, to a man, resigned themselves to death. They could see no way out! This was just a brief reprieve before the eventual end, but each man planned to take as many hostiles with him as possible.

As soon as the firing stopped, Grouard disappeared for a few minutes. He came back and spoke to Lieutenant Sibley.

"If this cease fire lasts until after dark, we may have a way out," he said. "I've found an opening we can slip through. It means leaving the animals behind and trying to make it on foot, but it's our only chance. If they hear the horses, they'll think we're still here with them. And I've noticed the grass is as dry as tinder. Sooner or later, rather than rush us again, they'll try to burn us out."

The men grumbled a bit at leaving their mounts, but anything was better than the certain death of staying. They had ridden 65 miles the day before, with only a couple of hours' sleep. Once they started walking, following single file behind Grouard, leaving everything behind them but their rifles and ammunition, they started to feel better. A 55 mile hike would be an ordeal, but it was a chance.

They climbed, they crawled and they scrambled after the scout. An icy branch of the Tongue River had to be waded, waist-deep. Finally, a sheer canyon wall loomed ahead of them. By the time they had gained its rim, they were too exhausted to move. Grouard let them sleep there for an hour.

Far behind them, a sudden glare lighted the low-lying mountain clouds. The Sioux had started a fire to flush them out, as predicted. The men woke in time to see it and be glad they had left that spot. To add to their troubles, a violent storm broke, pelting them with rain and hailstones, whipped on by a bitter cold north wind. This was almost too much, even for hardened Indian fighters. But the storm passed as quickly as it had come, and Grouard got them up, knowing the only way they could get warm again was to march on.

The rest of the night and the next day were sheer torture. Their boots had been shredded by the rough shale. There wasn't a man whose feet weren't bleeding. They lay still, all their fight gone, as a passing Indian war party from another tribe made its way down a small valley they had just crossed.

"Only 25 miles more," Grouard said, pointing to Cloud Peak, glowing in the setting sun. He let the exhausted men sleep for three hours before starting up again shortly after midnight.

By three in the morning, they came to Big Goose Creek, at flood level because of the storm. There was no way of crossing it without swimming, and the exhausted, starving men couldn't make it without some rest so they slept for a while. At seven in the morning they started again. Two of the men couldn't swim and were more afraid of the water than the possibility of Indians still being on their trail, so they received permission to stay behind until help could come for them. The others crossed, and on level plains were only able to stumble forward four miles in the next four hours.

Then luck, as it sometimes does, came to the rescue of these brave men. They stumbled onto a pair of cavalrymen who were out hunting. The two hurried to the main camp for horses and food. Some time later, a chow wagon came up, and the starving, exhausted men got their first nourishment, while other fresh soldiers went to rescue the two men who remained on the far side of Goose Creek. By nightfall they were all in General Crook's camp, being welcomed with cheers and amazement. They had been given up for lost.

The next day, the Crow scout, Curly, rode into the camp with news of the annihilation of Custer's cavalry on the Little Big Horn. This was the first knowledge General Crook had of the disaster.

Within a week, Lieut. Sibley's men had recovered, and took the trail northward to pursue the Sioux to the Canadian border. In the meantime, word of the Sibley expedition and Grouard's exploit had been forwarded to Washington.

President Grant's Secretary of War, James Donald Cameron, called Grouard's feat "one of the most remarkable recoveries in the entire annals of the United States Army."

A special letter of commendation from the War Department was sent to Grouard, whose skill, knowledge, strength and courage had kept so many good men from premature graves. He had gotten them out of a hopeless situation with not one man lost to the enemy or wounded, the only damage being cuts and bruises caused by nature.

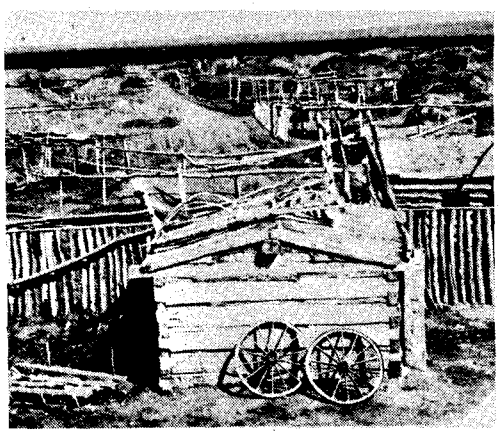
The Sioux never did cut out Grouard's heart. He remained an honored army scout for another dozen years or more.

By 1890, the Indian wars were about over, and at the age of 50 he had no occupation and no place to go. Like many of the scouts, mountain men and early settlers, Frank Grouard was unable to adjust himself to the new "civilized" conditions. There was no provision for even a small pension for civilian scouts, and he wandered from one place to another, looking for work, unable to find anything that would keep him in one place for any length of time.

Finally, he took to alcohol and ended his life in obscurity, regarded as a drunkard who would tell any kind of fanciful tale about his past for a free drink.

Frank Grouard was the right man in the right place at the right time, and then the times passed him by, leaving a strong man with a good mind a useless wreck. But he had lived, and because of him, so had a number of others. ●

Grouard lived with Indians in this village.



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CRAZY SNAKE —REDSKIN SPIELER

(Continued from page 21)

Snake—and some Washington attorneys—continued to swindle the Indians.

But Snake was having his difficulties; his Medicine Man, Wachache, was now dead. It would be some time before anyone could fill his shoes. People from other tribes and other states began to drift in.

A regular Shanty Town was taking shape at the Old Hickory Grounds. Ragged Indian tents sprang up between squalid Negro shanties. These makeshift quarters were occupied by dissident people that were dedicated enough to travel long distances to join the Clan.

Abe Grayson, a half Creek, half Negro, exercised control over the Negro element. He was a radical, and was especially admired by the younger Freedmen. It was Snake's inability to control this group, that led to his downfall.

The United States marshal for the Muskogee District was Leo E. Bennett. He had become accustomed to the desultory clashes with Snake's adherents. Some of the more vociferous Snakes had been in and out of jail more times than they could count. The Law permitted the Freedmen to sell their allotments, while the Indians could not. This quirk in the Law caused a great deal of trouble. The Negroes were disposing of their property as fast as they got control of it. Their influence rose in direct proportion to their affluence.

Snake was getting old, and tired. The vigorous young Negroes, feeling the power of their newly found wealth, were clamoring for authority. Snake was caught in an ever tightening circle. He could feel himself being drawn into the vortex of oblivion, but he had come too far to turn back now. The only other choice left to him was to defy the white man's government. With the coming of statehood, the numbers of his opposition snowballed.

On January 30, 1906, Arthur G. Porter succeeded Leo E. Bennett as marshal of the Muskogee District. Porter was a cousin of the President, Teddy Roosevelt, and enforcement appears to have been lax under him. One deputy marshal was killed in 1905, and three more in 1906, by the three Wycliff brothers in the Cherokee Nation. They were members of the Anti-Government "Night Hawks." These men never were apprehended. The surviving two finally gave themselves up to State Authorities in 1908, after Statehood.

The year 1908 was the beginning of the end for Crazy Snake. In the spring of that year Snake started a rumor that the Government had issued a directive ordering all white people out of the Indian lands. Many of the ignorant Full Bloods and Negroes believed the rumor. In May they started to congregate at the Hickory Ground to watch the whites depart. Most of them were armed with revolvers and Winchesters, which they carried openly.

Needless to say, the other settlers in the area became very apprehensive. Many country people flocked into the surrounding towns for protection. By early July the Hickory Ground had the appearance of an armed camp, and outsiders feared to appear there.

County officials were forced to take cognizance of the situation. McIntosh County Sheriff George W. (Dock) Odom, contacted Sheriff Robinson of Okmulgee County and set up a conference to discuss possible action to be taken. It was decided that they would go together and try to get Snake to disband the meeting.

On July 8, 1908, the two sheriffs drove the six miles from Henryetta to the Hickory Grounds in a buggy. Upon arrival, they drove up to within about seventy-five feet of Crazy Snake, who was standing out in plain sight. The buggy was immediately surrounded by about thirty heavily armed Snakes, blocking their progress. One of the Snakes asked what they wanted and Robinson replied "We are here to talk to Crazy Snake." The answer came back immediately "Chief Crazy Snake has nothing to say to you."

Odom and Robinson conferred for a few minutes, and then asked if they could send a message to Snake. They were advised that they could, and asked what message they wanted to send. They replied: "We want to advise Snake to break up this meeting, and send his followers home."

One of the Negroes departed with the message.

In a very short time the messenger returned and told the sheriffs, "Snake and his people do not recognize state or county laws; they will not take advice from state or county officers who have no authority over them; neither will they obey their orders or permit such officials to interfere with them." The armed Snakes closed in around them again, and they were told to "Get in your hack and get out of here." Odom and Robinson returned to Henryetta, where they contacted Governor Haskell and discussed the feasibility of bringing in troops to restore order. Apparently the Governor did not wish to commit himself before consulting the federal officials, so no immediate action was taken.

On the night of July 8, 1908, several Snakes slipped into Henryetta, and set fire to several buildings. They bragged to friends that they were going to burn the town down. The whole countryside was now thoroughly alarmed, and very few people were left in the outlying areas.

The following day the Indian Agent at Muskogee, Mr. Kelsey, made the trip to the Hickory Grounds to talk to Snake. At the conclusion of his talks with Snake, he reported that they had agreed to break up the meeting the following day. Kelsey questioned Snake about all the guns that were visible around the camp. Snake claimed the guns were needed to keep order among the Snakes.

The agitators at the Hickory Ground dispersed overnight. It soon became apparent, however, that they had not abandoned their avowed purpose. They started in, in earnest, to accumulate guns and ammunition. A shipment of rifles arrived at Checotah by the Missouri-Kansas & Texas Railroad. The guns were consigned to a Snake Negro who lived near Pierce. The depot agent advised Sam Baker, a deputy sheriff, of the arrival of the guns, and Baker ordered them to be returned to the shipper.

The storm clouds were gathering around Snake's head. He had made many promises, but produced few results. The young among the Negroes were getting more restless by the day. It was inevitable that something would have to happen, and it did—probably sooner than Snake expected it to.

Around the twentieth of March, some of the Negroes who were congregated at the Hickory Ground burglarized a farm in the vicinity. This was the one spark needed to set off a series of devastating clashes with the authorities. When the smoke cleared away, Snake's entire world had disintegrated.

Deputy Sheriff A.Y. Patty, and a constable named W.M. Moorey, went to the Hickory Ground to investigate the theft. When they attempted to search the huts they received the same treatment that the two sheriffs had gotten. Instead of forgetting the matter, Patty went to Henryetta to get help. Sheriff Robinson let him have three deputies, and nine local citizens volunteered.

The posse of fourteen returned to the Hickory Ground and dug in while it was still dark. At the first light of day their presence was discovered, and the fight was on. About four hours and four hundred shots later, the Snakes were routed. Three of them had been killed and a dozen wounded. The posse lost one killed and three wounded. Forty Snakes were taken prisoner and large quantities of weapons and ammunition captured.

Two days after the bloody fight at the Hickory Ground, Sheriff Odom received a warrant for the arrest of Crazy Snake. Odom passed the warrant along to his 22-year-old son Herman, who was resident deputy at Checotah. It was past two-thirty in the afternoon before Herman got his posse of six organized and got started for Pierce. Sixteen miles was a long way to ride in the daylight that remained, and they had to ride hard to do it.

As the officers approached Snake's home in the dusk, a skirmish developed with two nearby Indians that appears to

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have been unnecessary. The end result was that the posse was attacked unexpectedly by the nine or ten Indians in the house. A brief but furious fight ensued that raged for about ten minutes. A total of about sixty shots were fired, and two of the officers, Herman Odom and Ed Baum, were instantly killed. Crazy Snake was seriously wounded.

One of the deputies managed to escape through the brush and made his way to a nearby settlement called Stidham. A phone call was put through to Checotah, apprising the authorities there of the situation. Sheriff Odom was notified at Eufaula, where he soon had a posse organized. About eight-thirty that night, the posse from Eufaula arrived and was combined with one at Checotah, under the leadership of the sheriff. After getting more of the details on the situation at Checotah, the Sheriff decided to try to get troops sent in to control the situation.

He put through a call to Governor Haskell at Guthrie, requesting him to send troops without dealy, as it appeared there was danger of a general uprising in the area.

In spite of his grief, which he tried desperately to conceal behind a frozen face, the sheriff led the posse to the scene of the battle. Everything was deserted, and about all that was accomplished was the recovery of the bodies of the two slain officers and the arrest of a few Indians found hiding in the immediate vicinity.

The troops started disembarking at Henryetta on Sunday, and made camp at the Hickory Ground. When word of the troops' arrival reached the posse, a great many of them departed for home and some much needed rest. Upon the sheriff's return to Checotah late Sunday evening, he had a telephone call from Joe Miller, one of the owners of the famous 101 Ranch. Miller offered Odom the services of one hundred of his cowboys, complete with mounts and equipment, to fight the Indians. The sheriff tactfully declined the offer.

The sheriff recovered the warrant for Snake from his son's body; it was now soaked in the boy's life blood. Odom grimly started making preparations to return to the hunt for his son's killers. He alerted for service the next morning three men especially chosen by him. W.P. LerBlanc was part Indian, Lee Bateman was a courageous young officer and the third man, Sam Baker, was one of the deadliest gunfighters to be found in Oklahoma. They were all requested to be ready to ride at daybreak Monday morning.

When Odom and his posse rode out the next morning they seemed to know exactly where they were going, for they rode directly to Snake's house. As they came within sight of the house, flames burst out from all sides of it. When they moved in a little closer, they were fired upon. Sam Baker bored in on the Snakes, and a Negro sprang up and tried unsuccessfully to engage him in a gun duel. He was dead when he hit the ground. A second man jumped up and tried to escape. Baker pursued him until the man turned and confronted him. He didn't fare any better than the Negro, he did get his gun half way out of its holster before he died.

The fight at Snake's house was the end of armed resistance in the rebellion. There was a lot of searching, many rumors, and the rounding up of quite a few armed Indians and Negroes left to be done, but no more shooting occurred. Snake was never again seen by a white man after the night of Saturday, March 27, 1909. What happened to him is still a matter for conjecture.

There have been charges and countercharges made between the Indians and the whites as to where the responsibility for most of the bloodletting lay. The Snakes insisted that some of the young Negroes precipitated the killing at the Hickory Ground by being trigger happy. This is no doubt true, but the older Indians and Negroes were responsible for getting the young ones fired up, and ready to do murder. They knew that the stuff they were filling these young people with was just pipe dreams. The responsibility was theirs, and they knew it.

Another point of contention with the Indians was that the deputy sheriffs had fired on them first, at the battle at Snake's home in which the two officers were killed. This was not true, but there is justification for the Indians thinking that it happened that way. The shooting they heard actually was one of the deputy sheriffs irresponsibly shooting into the sand around an Indian attempting to flee from the posse.

The Snakes also made a big outcry about the calling out of troops to hunt them down like animals, etc. The sheriff only had one other alternative, and that was using Joe Miller's Cowboys. It is not very likely that they would have liked that any better.

Others deplored the use of troops, and the handling of their use in the matter. Zoe Tilghman, widow of the well known old lawman, stated that the Governor sent Tilghman into the area to investigate the handling of the situation. According to her, Tilghman turned in a derogatory report on Adjutant General Frank Canton's handling of his job.

Zoe Tilghman's charges could be true. It is just as likely that there was just a continuation of the vicious political in-fighting that was the daily fare between Tilghman, Canton and Hecht Thomas, in the marshal's office at Guthrie.

Webster's definition of a Spieler is a "Professional Sharper." All things considered, this would appear to be a pretty fair assessment of Crazy Snake's contribution to posterity. ●

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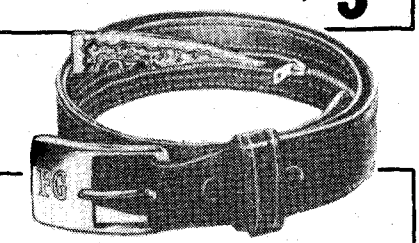
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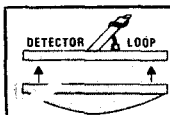

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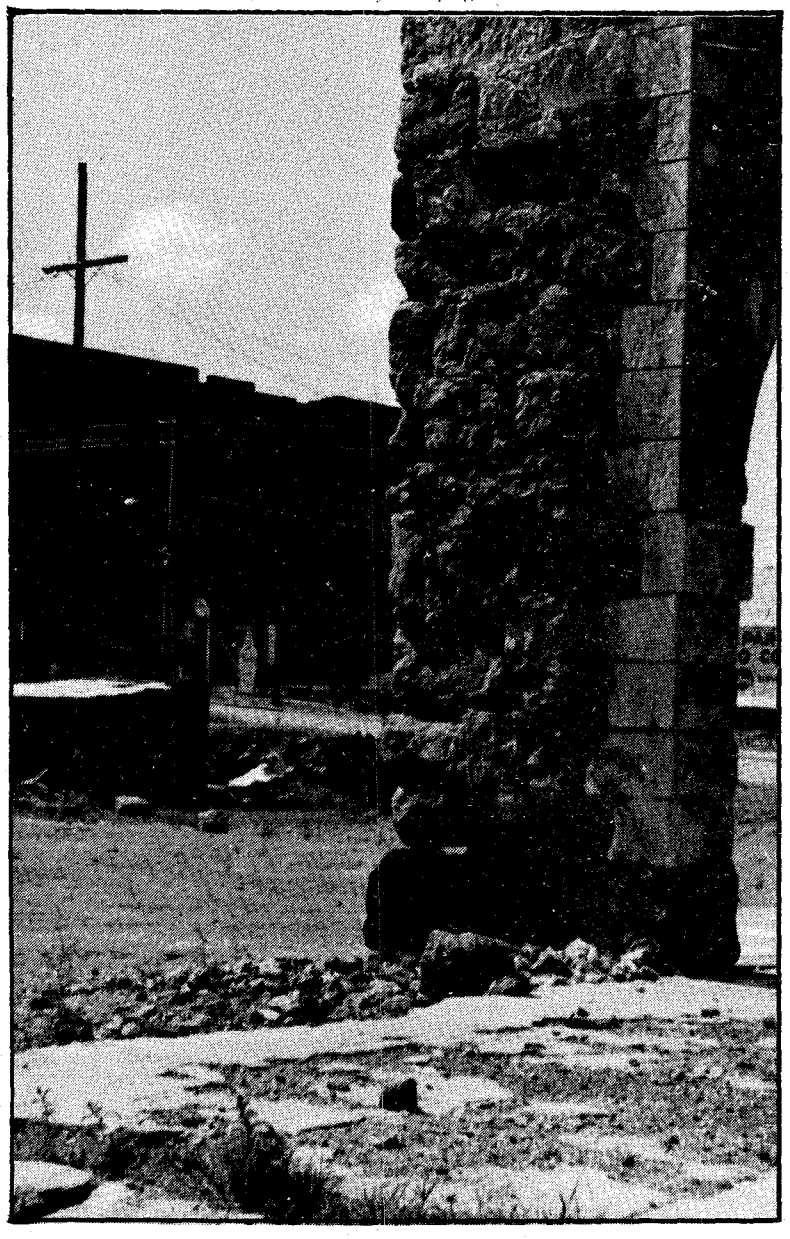
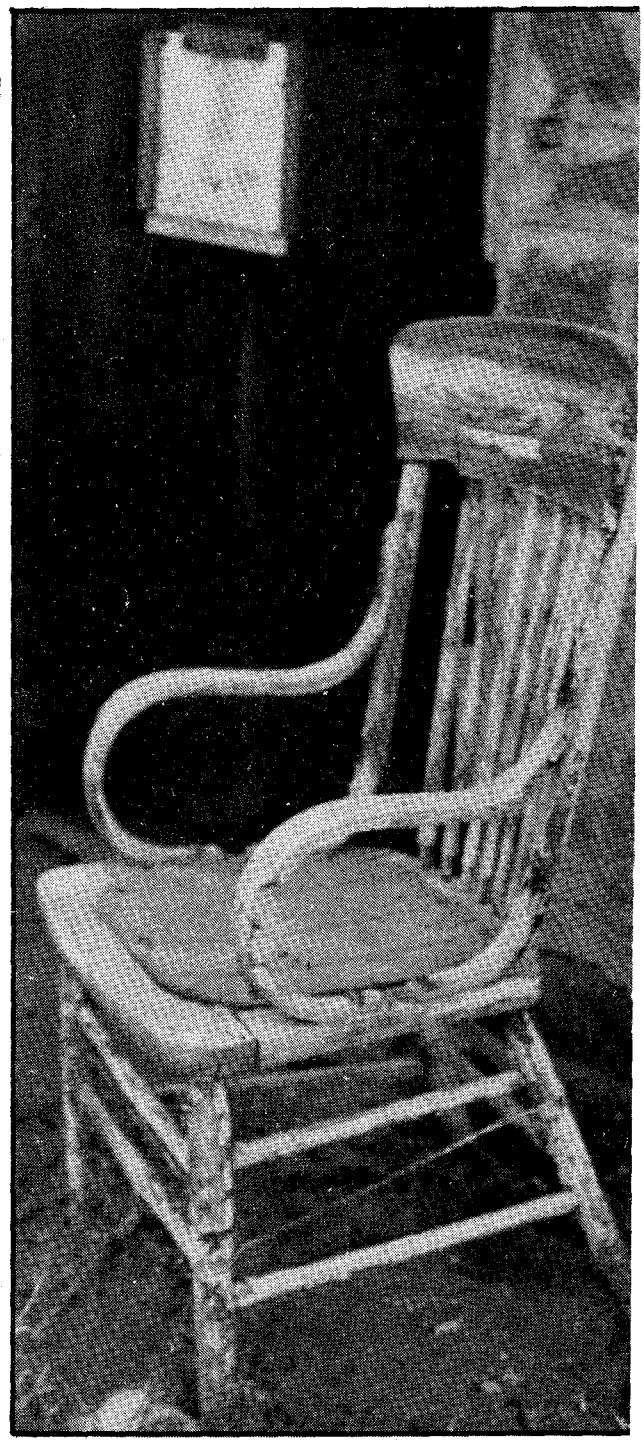
SURROUNDED BY GHOSTS

(Continued from page 37)





Above: Ruin of one of the 50 saloons of which Goldfield, Nevada boasted. In the background is the famous old Goldfield Hotel. Right: A chair in lone is wired together and still used.

from the road does not give it the appearance of a ghost town. As you draw near this fairly young ghost town you see several outlying wood cabins which do. Behind the steel building stand several cyanide tanks which were used in extracting silver from the ore brought here from Tonopah and nearby mines.

Millers received its name, not because it was a milling town, but after Charles Miller, a former governor from Delaware, who was responsible for many of the advances of Tonopah and this new milling town.

Miller was responsible for having a 100-stamp cyanide mill built at this site. He also was the one to encourage the building of repair shops for the Tonopah-Goldfield Railroad in this town. Born in 1906, the town of Millers grew to a population of 274. It had a business district and its own post office. By 1911 the railroad repair shops and one mill had been moved away. When the famous T&G Railroad went out of business in 1947 the dwindled town of Millers was abandoned.

Goldfield is about 20 miles south of Tonopah. As the name implies it was gold, not silver, which put this town on the map. The strike at Goldfield was second only to the Comstock in Virginia City. In just four years, Goldfied grew to a population of 30,000.

To see a really striking view of a ghost town set against a mountain, be sure to see Goldfield from the south from highway 95. The large brick building which dominates this scene is the famous Goldfield Hotel. Builte in 1907, this was quite a plush hotel. Today the hotel is up for sale, in the hopes it will be renovated and reopened.

Goldfield has seen her share of famous and infamous people. Wyatt Earp once dealt Faro in Goldfield. Death Valley Scotty ran an assay office in the town. The Gans-Nelson championship fight

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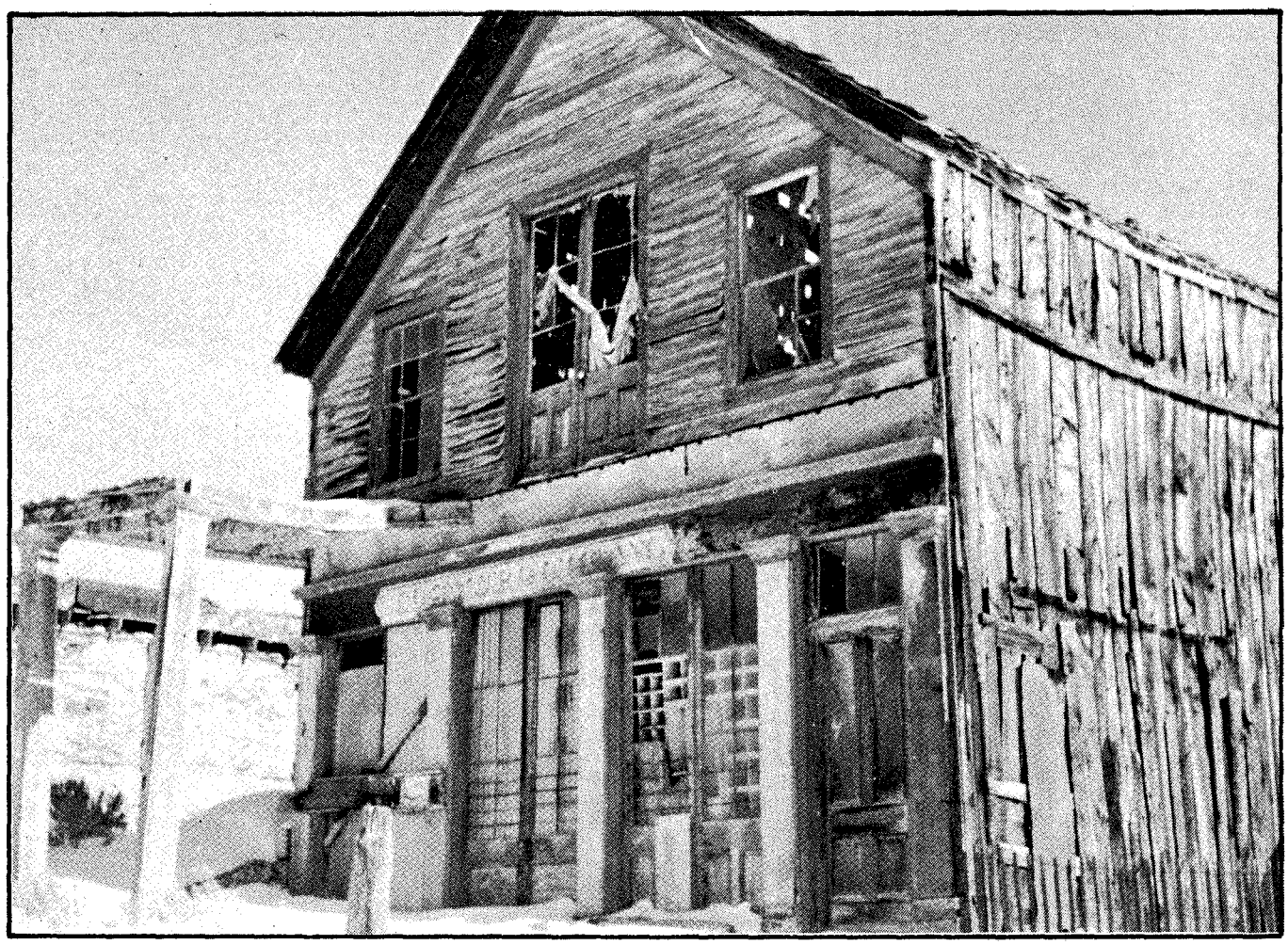

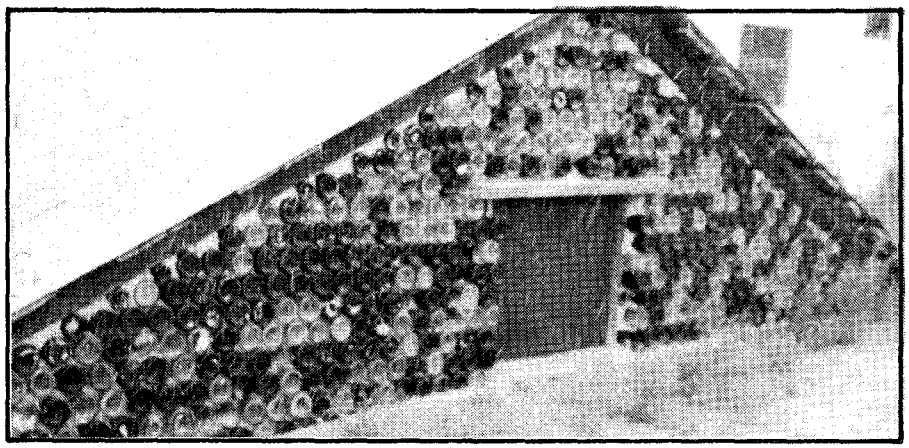

Above: The Cosmopolitan Theater in Belmont boasted that its plays were "chaste enough to be witnessed by the most fastidious." Left: This bottle house must be sought out.

was held in Goldfield in 1906.

Goldfield has seen more than her share of fires and floods. These, and other rugged conditions, brought about several smallpox epidemics and deaths from pneumonia. Goldfield saw a gradual decline. When gold dwindled most of the people left in 1920. With the closing of the famous Goldfield and Tonopah Railroad, Goldfield became a shadow of its former self. Today, 175 residents populate the once large town.

You will find much of historic value in Goldfield. There are accommodations overnight stays in this town. The motels and camper sites are reasonably priced. Like Tonopah, Goldfield has much snow in the winter.

Another ghost town which has that really deserted look is Gold Point, not far from Goldfield. To visit Gold Point, travel south from Goldfield about 15 miles on highway 95. Turn west at Lida Junction on State 3. After about seven miles on this paved road turn south on a good dirt road. In seven more miles you will reach the lonely old town of Gold Point.

A wood head frame at a mine shaft stands out like a sentinel overlooking the silent town. Several wood buildings dot the landscape. The hulk of a vintage car bears mute evidence of life in this town which was bustling with activity in 1866. The town was then known as Old Hornsilver. It was not until 1929 that the name was changed to Gold Point.

All of the ghost towns I have described were visited in only two weekends with a conventional car. We have not yet visited all the towns which I named, at the beginning of this review. To pique your suspense of ghost town hunting you may choose to intersperse some of these in with those, described, which you visit.

So that you would find these ghost towns still as described, I decided to give you this information "hot off the press" rather than hold it up awaiting our planned visit to the other ghost towns near Tonopah.

Yes, Tonopah is a town surrounded by ghosts. Very soon I plan to write an article about Tonopah, itself, for this town is so full of wonder that describing it would fill several pages. ●

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AMADEO GIANNINI, BANKING GENIUS

(Continued from page 25)

VAN NESS STREET AND AT THE WASHINGTON STREET WHARF IN NORTH BEACH. BUSINESS AS USUAL.

At the wharf shack A.P. Giannini greeted patrons and welcomed deposits and requests for loans. His optimistic promise of a new bank building had a heartening effect. His solicitors invaded unburned areas and urged people not to hide money and risk its being burned, but to deposit their savings in the Bank of Italy—first of the affected banks to reopen.

Such urgings produced new depositers when money was needed. A.P.'s faith in the Little Man seemed justified. Farmers, fruit growers, and workers became banking minded.

Meeting loan requests was difficult. A.P. induced borrowers to cut demands to a minimum so that more persons could share in the benefits.

While the recovery program attracted outside capital and brought a boom to the Bay City, money shortages in the eastern states brought on the cash panic of 1907 that the Bank of Italy managed to survive.

Using the same theory that expanded the produce marketing business for Pop's company, A.P. went after the banking business in an ever expanding effort. When, in 1910, the bank's gross deposits exceeded ten million dollars, the Board put him on a $200-a-month salary.

Other bankers still disapproved of A.P.'s methods but showed grudging admiration for his results.

The Bank of Italy stock enjoyed preferred rating on the market, and in 1912 A.P., with board approval, bought two branch banks in San Francisco. The drive for more service to more people continued.

Amadeo loved people. He enjoyed visiting with shop keepers, fruit growers, truckers, land workers, and industrial managers. He could talk their language at any level. But his build-up of business also generated a backwash of enemies. He was admired, envied, hated, and feared. Efforts were made to impede his progress—the bank's progress.

No one in North Beach ever imagined that Giannini, who retired at thirty-one, would bloom with new ambition and become the power behind the Bank of America, and least of all, A.P. himself. (How that success was achieved makes an interesting volume titled, "BIOGRAPHY OF A BANK," by Marquis and Bessie R. James. This article merely skims the career of the guiding genius, A.P. Giannini.)

The expansion program led southward beyond the fruit growing community, to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles there were fewer Italians and the new Bank of Italy sign on newly purchased buildings in that city aroused more suspicion than confidence. That year the Los Angeles units lost money.

In a stormy Board session some members questioned Giannini's judgement in the purchase of Los Angeles banks. A.P. resented the criticism and tendered his resignation. He stalked from the meeting in an angry mood.

Tempers cooled quickly and the resignation was rejected. The Board granted A.P. an extended vacation on a dollar-a-year basis.

Amadeo visited western Canada to study the branch banking system that operated there under government supervision. The American banker talked to officials, employees, and patrons, and closely scrutinized the bank's records, all of which indicated people were benefitted by the service which he found practical and economical. He believed chain banks could serve just as effectively on the west coast. Some of the big banks already had branch units in California.

Months later A.P. offered to form a syndicate to buy the San Mateo and the Los Angeles banks from the Bank of Italy, but the Board would not sell. World War I broke out in Europe and industrial prosperity on the West Coast stimulated earnings for all banks.

In 1915 Lawrence (Pop) Scarena resigned as head of the Bank of Italy and the Board offered A.P. the presidency with a salary of $50,000 a year. This, finally, constituted recognition, and the forty-five-old Giannini again emerged from retirement to accept the honor. War's prosperity and the booming after period was an opportunity to build up a banking empire.

Then came the national market collapse of 1929. Banks failed and businesses across the nation had to fight for survival.

As far back as 1909 the Bank of Italy had backed the new movie industry by financing feature films that starred Charley Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, and others. The bank also pushed agricultural and industrial expansion programs in postwar California. Expansion and production would insure prosperity, it was believed. The bank went along with the program. The market crash, bank closings, and unemployment created havoc in California. The Bank of Italy with its branch offices took the brunt of it. Promising prospects were bankrupted.

To salvage this situation A.P. formed a holding company, later called, Transamerica Corporation, to supervise foreclosures, re-negotiations, and chattel dispositions. As head of this company A.P. preserved the bank's integrity whenever possible. Rather than close some plants, Giannini ordered them operated at a loss. To prevent unemployment he worked crews part time on reduced pay. Farm loans enjoyed moratorium consideration. Marketing was explored at home and abroad to stimulate industry. For three weeks the bank showed a loss that exceeded three million dollars a day before the tide turned. With assets and values melting away the holding company pooled its resources for more advantageous conditions.

A.P.'s management was challenged. He was accused of overexpansion. High wage advocates protested his cut in pay. Competition charged his bank used the depression to gain possession of lands, property, and industry that would later be resold at fabulous profits. Conservative stockholders feared the public was becoming disenchanted with the bank's program and a new image in leadership was needed. In 1930 A.P. Giannini stepped aside to let Elisha Walker, an elderly banking veteran, assume command of the company.

A.P. felt he had reached his goal. In the public eye he loomed as tall as the bankers of Nob Hill fame. He still had faith in his theory, but the bankers in California and all across the country were a state and nation divided when it came to chain banking. A.P.'s views were often praised, discussed, and sometimes openly scoffed at. Some people considered him a rich man throwing his weight around. "Rich!" he exclaimed to Fagan. "When I die the world will be astonished to learn how little money I actually have."

A banking publication once printed: "Mr. Giannini is proud that he is poor." It was supposed to be in jest. When A.P. passed away his personal fortune was under half a million. At no time did he hold controlling stock in companies that he commanded. He was elected to high position for his character, ability, and leadership.

A.P. made friends as well as enemies. He helped many turn their dreams into reality. One of these was Henry J. Kaiser, a west coast contractor then unknown in the east. Kaiser went to Washinton with a letter of introduction from A.P. Giannini and returned with a contract to help build Boulder Dam. Kaiser's ship building and synthetic rubber plant were projects benefitted by A.P's financing. Through the decades Giannini helped big men in business as well as little men.

To enjoy retirement A.P. took his wife on a tour of Europe. In 1931, while hospitalized in Germany, he learned that President Walker planned to impose a program of retrenchment for the bank

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and its units. Promising programs were to be dropped and assets sold at a sacrifice. A.P. wired the Board to delay decision until he returned. He used the telegraph and telephone systems lavishly, and spent days of travel up and down the West Coast to secure enough proxies on stock to defeat the Walker plan and get himself reinstated as president of the company.

This power fight made history in California. In the next five years A.P. brought about institutional changes that consolidated the bank and its units under the name, Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association.

The building of a bridge across the Golden Gate was an old story in San Francisco. The initial engineering had been completed and, as a job-making project, a bond issue of six million dollars had been passed. But no wheelers and dealers, during the depression period, would bid on the securities. Finally, after much ferment over the matter, a group of financiers offered to invest collectively if Giannini's bank pledged for 25% of the issue.

This was flat institutional recognition of A.P.'s standing, but it was also a form of challenge. Visionaries had been busy explaining what the bridge would do for the city and state, and Giannini agreed with them; but would he gamble on 25% of the bonds?

"Not on 25 percent," A.P. told the astounded financiers. *"The Bank of Italy will take the whole six million dollars issue."*

The next day a Wall Street paper trumpeted: GIANNINI SCORES OVER DEFLATION. The Bank of America legend was being solidly cemented.

During the period of market collapse people become panicky and rumors brought swift ruin to many a shaky bank. At this time Giannini proved himself a great man by using his personal prestige and the reserve funds of his own giant company to shore up and save from ruin smaller banks which were in trouble. He used automobiles and plane services to deliver emergency funds to banks in trouble. A half million dollars in gold stacked behind the teller's window stopped runs by restoring confidence in a bank's solvency. Sometimes A.P. would walk along the line of waiting depositors and urge them to take their account books to any Bank of Italy branch unit where their withdrawals would be honored in gold. Such invitations and tests often brought redeposits and new customers. A.P. employed psychology—as well as money—with skill and finesse.

Raised in a banking atmosphere, A.P.'s son, Mario Giannini, was educated for a business career. Like his father, Mario was a hard working, shrewd minded man.

(Continued on page 54)

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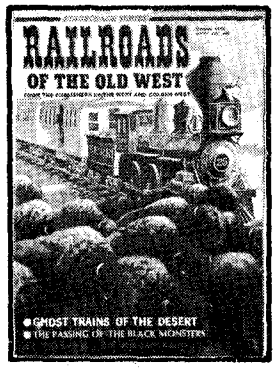

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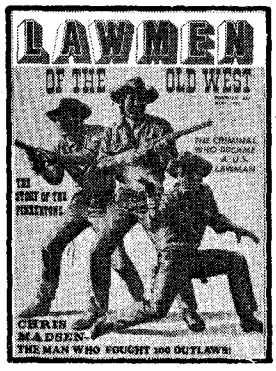

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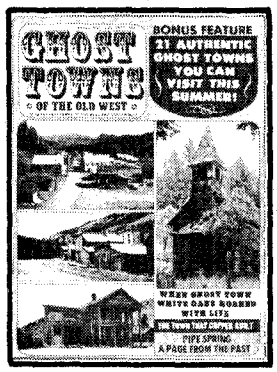

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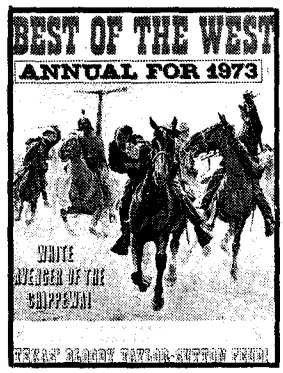

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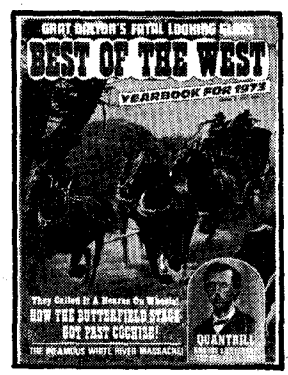

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AMADEO GIANNINI

(Continued from page 53)

He represented the bank's interest in Washington D.C. and in eastern financial centers of great power and cutthroat competition. Mario was a member of the Board and a defender of his father's methods and policies.

In order to freeze the national economy during a state of emergency, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, ordered a four-day bank holiday during which time each bank was to be examined and a statement of its condition forwarded to authorities in Washington, D.C. This tense interval was the longest four days that A.P. ever endured. The Bank of Italy was in good condition, yet permission to re-open for business did not arrive. What was going on?

The mysterious delay smacked of bureaucratic failure—or worse!

When three days had passed and no permit had been received A.P. had friends in Washington look into the matter, and the cause of the delay was discovered.

Perhaps by intent or perhaps by an honest but incredible mistake a three-year-old statement of the bank's condition back in its worst depression period had been sent, which gave the Bank of Italy a sorry image. A.P. had a crew of examiners work all night and phone the true financial statement to Washington in the morning. This quickly brought a permit to operate and the bank opened when the holiday ended.

Certain agencies in Washington, D.C., having emergency powers over the banking business seemed apprehensive about regional banking monopolies. By their order the Bank of Italy was instructed not to buy another branch bank without the Agency's permission. This step was intended to curb A.P.'s expansion program. The restraining order specified the Bank of Italy only. A.P. switched over to the holding company and bought the Bank of America in Los Angeles and the Commercial National, of the same city, for Transamerica Corporation.

The California Banking Superintendent exerted powers at state level and his action and authority was often in conflict with A.P.'s program.

One investment of expansion caliber was the purchase of the Liberty Bank of San Francisco with branches in northern California. It was forecast in financial circles that eventually these satellites would merge with the Bank of Italy. The request to merge the Liberty chain with the Bank of Italy was made in 1923 and opposed in certain quarters. But by law, merging of business establishments was permitted. Newspapers predicted that in spite of the vigorous opposition expressed by those who feared a banking monopoly, the permit would be granted.

On January 2, 1924, the Los Angeles and San Francisco newpapers listed the potential assets of such a merger: Liberty Bank, with 15 branches in northern California, deposits $17,000,000. Bank of America, of Los Angeles, with 24 branches in southern California, deposits, $35,000,000; and Bank of Italy, 96 branches over California, deposits, $391,000,000. This tallied up a Giannini controlled financial empire of 155 branches with over $443,000,000 in deposits. It was achieved despite the retarding efforts of Federal Reserve Board and state banking Superintendent. A.P. continued to buy banks in California, Arizona, Washington, and Oregon.

In 1936 Amadio Peter Giannini stepped down from the command post and his son Mario became president of the banking empire. A.P. was retained as an advisor. New bank buildings were being built a dozen stories high in San Francisco and Los Angeles and he had an office in each headquarters, although he preferred to sit in the cluttered room where the desk workers sat.

He always gave his employes full credit for their part in the bank's success.

A.P. had private interests, charities, civic programs -- anything to do with community progress. He was loyal to California, devoted to his Church and religion, and a booster for education. He financed the Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics at the University of California.

He lost his wife in 1941 and his personal life became understandably lonely; however, he submerged his private grief in grueling hard work, for the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the start of World War Two signalled a time for industrial development and intense war effort.

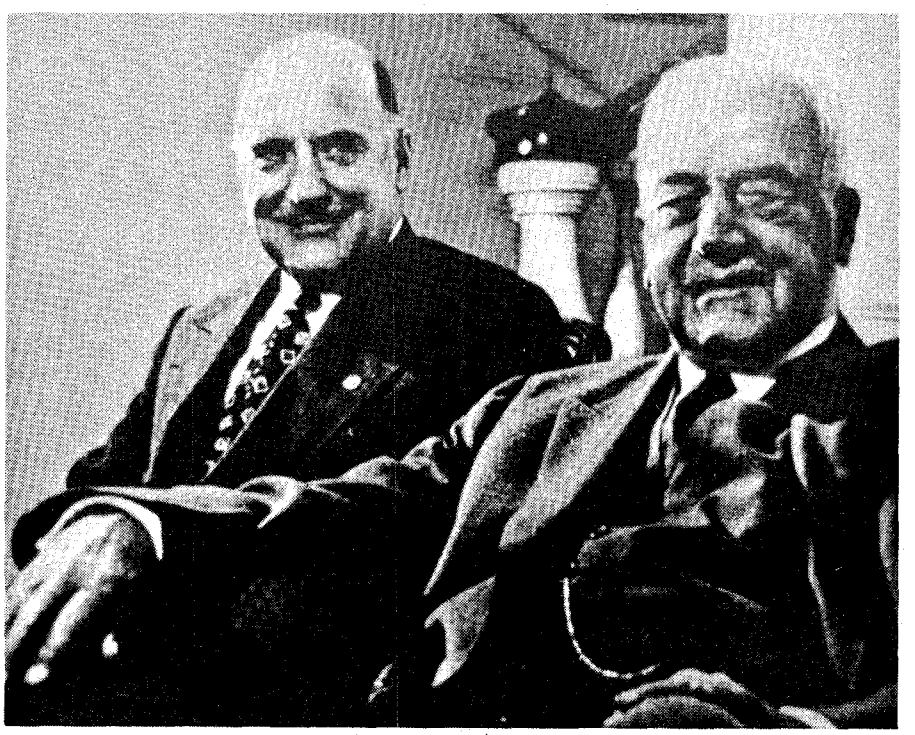
It was a meaningful day, in 1945, when A.P. reported to the Board that the Bank of America had passed the Chase National Bank of New York in deposits and assets. The figure then exceeded five billion dollars -- it made the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Company the biggest independent banking system in the world.

Once again his enemies called it a monopoly and urged the government to investigate. A.P. rounded up 1,700 people to bear witness for his company in order to defeat the charge, but he did not live long enough to see the outcome of this Herculean effort. He died on June 6, 1949, at the age of 79.

The case was dropped.

On November 14th, 1965, a plaque was unveiled at San Jose, California, to mark the site of the old Swiss Hotel where Amadeo Peter was born back in 1870. Attending this ceremony was Mrs. Claire (Giannini) Hoffman, the last survivor of A.P.'s family.

The great Bank of America has continued to grow and now serves a dozen foreign countries as well as much of its own. Its latest headquarters will be a fifty-two story building to be located in San Francisco. A towering monument to the man who started it all. ●



Mario Giannini and A.P. were a father-and-son banking team.

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NELSON STORY OUT-FOUGHT CRAZY HORSE

(Continued from page 31)

October 5, 1873, which appears in the book, "The Remington Historical Treasury of American Guns," by Harold L. Peterson. We quote in part: "During the period of three months I carried the rifle referred to, and list but a portion of the game killed by me: Antelope 41; buffalo 4; elk 4; blacktail deer 4; American deer 3; white wolf 2, and other game in large numbers."

Custer wrote that the range of his antelope kills was 250 yards, with the top distance of 630 yards. His was the only Remington on the expedition, and he bagged more game than any one else, including professional government scouts and hunters. Custer concluded his endorsement by saying, "I am more than ever impressed with the many superior qualities . . . of arms manufactured by your firm."

His favorite Remington was still with him as he led the Black Hills Exploring Expedition in 1874 when gold was discovered in the Dakota country; and it was in his saddle-sheath as he rode out on his last campaign that ended on the bloody bluffs of the Little Bighorn on June 25, 1876. He may have fired his last shots on earth with it as the Sioux swept over the gallant handful on Custer Ridge that fateful day, for Sergeant John Ryan, in charge of the burial detail after the battle, testified at the Court of Inquiry that he found "four or five brass cartridge shells" underneath Custer's body, (and) "they were what he used in his Remington rifle."

This may have influenced the choice of the name, "Black Hills Rifle," for the Remington .45 caliber, center-fire, sporting model announced in 1877, according to company officials, though no proof exists. This was nearly identical with the Model 1 that the General endorsed, except in caliber.

But the most potent long-range calibers of Remington rolling-blocks then in production was the .44-77, and the "44 Special" as it was known on the buffalo ranges, with a .44-90 load. These came in 8-1/2 to 15 pounds weight, and choice of open or any type of sights.

In their fine biography of L.A. Huffman, Frontier Photographer, called "The Frontier Years," authors Mark H. Brown and W.R. Felton rank the above types on equal terms with the Springfield "Long Toms" and '76 Winchester on the far northern buffalo range, though Sharps predominated.

Historian Charles E. Chapel, in "Guns Of The Old West," places them second only to the Sharps, though somewhat lighter in weight.

Likewise, gun historian James E. Serven, in "The Sharps And The Buffalo," (GUNS, November 1963) wrote, "The title used . . . is not intended to convey that the Sharps rifle was the only weapon worth carrying on to the buffalo range; I.e Remington also had its partisans."

Another writer, Charles E. Hanson, in his "Guns Of The Buffalo Hunters," (GUNS, June 1966) made the observation, "Actually, there was little to choose between the Sharps and the Remington."

He cites—as have others—the feat of the redoubtable Texas hidehunter, "Brazos Bob" McRae, who downed 54 buffalo from one stand with 54 consecutive shots from his Remington!

A parallel instance of the Remington hitting power bears this out, as often related by a veteran of the open range, frontier-born George E. Lemmon, whose father owned Liberty Farm Stage Station on the Overland Trail in Nebraska.

This buffalo hunt was with his older brother, Hervey Lemmon, on the Republican river in 1875, and he was fond of telling the story.

Hervey, just returned from several trips on the Texas cattle trails, had become attached to a new Remington hunting rifle he'd bought, and was anxious to show it off.

After locating a small herd of buffalo they dismounted and crawled to the top of a ridge which brought them to about 300 yards range. Hervey rested his gun barrel on a forked stick and began firing with careful aim. At each shot a buffalo went down, and after the seventh cartridge had been shoved into the chamber he stopped. Young George had never forgotten his amazement at this deadly exhibition of seven kills with seven bullets on such big animals—but the Lemmon family became a "Remington family" after that.

And there were thousands more of Remington's friends on the frontier; ranchers, lawmen, freighters, and settlers who built a new America after the big guns had wiped out the buffalo, and the Army had subjugated the Indian.

Remington six-shooters and shotguns rode with the Overland Stage drivers; their Derringers and pistols protected travelers and others from peril; and from the buffalo guns to the tiniest pistol, it was an arsenal of adventure that deserves a full share of credit for winning the West. That is an indisputable fact! ●

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SCALPING OF WILLIAM THOMPSON

(Continued from page 33)

the brutal savages, he lived to raise a family and become a grandfather many years after the horrible incident which happened that summer night along the frontier railroad tracks. It is an untold story buried in the yellowing files of old newspapers for many years. It is Thompson's own account as he originally told it. *And there was never another like it!*

IT WAS 9 o'clock on a hot Tuesday night in August 1867, in western Nebraska. Foreman Thompson had been called out to go up the tracks of the newly constructed length of the Union Pacific Railroad to repair a break in the telegraph wires. The break had been sudden and came at a time when the hum of messages over the system could not be conveniently stopped. The railroad course was infested with hostile savages every step of the way as they constantly annoyed railroad construction crews.

When news of the break was received, Thompson rounded up five of his most dependable crew members, to go out with him and make the repair. They piled onto a handcar in the yard, mustering up needed courage to face the danger which lay ahead of them, and make the necessary repairs.

They pulled away into the night, leaving Plum Creek Station and its rip-roaring night life in the hands of the boisterous railroad crews.

Not far out, the repair crew came to the point where a break was found in the line. A pile of ties, blockade fashion, lay across the new rails. The men knew at once they were in for trouble. Immediately they tried to pull the handcar to a stop but the cart plowed into the blockade, and placed them in a most vulnerable position for an Indian attack. The men immediately grabbed their rifles. and quickly sought cover in the prairie country.

Almost at once a never-ending file of Indians rode from the tall prairie grass that lined the railroad tracks. The attacking savages opened fire upon the six trapped men.

Foreman Thompson and his men fired some shots into the Cheyennes. It was later learned that Chief Turkey Foot headed the attacking Indians. Blood-curdling yells pierced the usual silence of the moonlit frontier night, as rifle fire sounded all about.

The repair crew soon realized they were hopelessly trapped without any possible avenue of escape. They ran from the half-wrecked railroad handcar, derailed in the rubble of the cross ties which the Indians had pitched across the tracks as a blockade. They took off in all directions, seeking cover in the scant growth of native grass along the tracks.

Through the dim moonlight an Indian, mounted upon a small pony, picked out Thompson, and swept down upon him with all the fury of hell. When within about ten feet, the yelling savage opened fire and the bullet struck the arm of the telegraph foreman, causing an ugly and torturous flesh wound.

This however, did not stop the race. Thompson ran for dear life through the tall grass. The Indian swooped down upon the wounded man. He "clubbed" his rifle and knocked Thompson sprawling upon the ground. The Cheyenne jumped from his pony, yanked his knife from its sheath at his side, and stabbed Thompson in the neck.

The savage, thinking the white man done for, without hesitation started his gruesome work. *He twirled Thompson's forelock about his forefinger, and began the rough sawing and hacking away with the knife at the helpless man's scalp.*

Although the pain was awful and he felt sick and dizzy, Thompson later told how he kept presence of mind enough to remain silent, *as though dead!*

AFTER what seemed to have been eternity to Thompson, the Indian, stooped over in a half-crouched position, wielded the last few strokes that removed Thompson's scalp. When the "hair" would not lift away easily, the Indian gave one final, brutal, stiff jerk, and tore it away from the base of the skull.

Thompson winced under the horrible pain but knew enough to keep from screaming for fear the Indian, realizing his victim was not dead, would apply a fatal stroke. Thompson later told that he would have given his eye teeth, if he could have dared to scream out. Thompson told how he thought his whole head had been torn away!

He soon learned, however, that he had more suffering ahead of him!

Once the scalping act had been completed, the Indian turned to his awaiting pony, and mounted. He galloped away, leaving Thompson, with his bare skull showing, for dead.

The attacking savages were working through the tall grass pursuing the other five men who had scattered. The five telegraph repairmen fought with the last bit of strength for their lives, and to avoid the observed fate of Thompson.

The savage who had maimed Thompson, had dropped the scalp in the grass, in his haste to mount his pony. Thompson not knowing just why, cautiously crawled through the grass and pulled his bloody scalp to his side. He again took cover and put forth all the effort he could muster to remain quiet and keep composure in spite of the terrific suffering.

The Indians were all over the area, or Thompson might have made an attempt to escape, as he later told. Inasmuch as they thought he was dead, they paid no further attention to him. He remained quietly hidden in the tall grass, while the savages plied their hideous work.

The Indians were romping in all directions, talking and placing more obstructions on the railroad track. They used the length of telegraph wire they had taken from the pole earlier in the night, to lash the cross ties to form the blockade. Thus the savages built an almost unsurmountable obstruction on the track for the small steam locomotives which chugged up and down the new railroad, hauling supplies and merchandise to the advance settlements and construction camps along the line.

About one and one-half hours slowly passed for Thompson, as he lay hidden in the grass, waiting for the chance to escape. Then from far-off, through the silence of the hot August night, he heard the low rumbling of the locomotive. as it chugged its way along the tracks. He could visualize, in spite of his terrific pain, what was about to happen. Thompson thought of abandoning his hiding place, to flag the train and alert the crew; but on second thought he realized he didn't have a chance. With so many hostile Cheyennes around, he knew he could never accomplish the task, for they would cut him down once he stuck his head above the grass.

Not much time passed until the approaching train plowed into the barricade. The locomotive sprawled on its side along the grade, in the same heap with the handcar of Thompson's crew. The Indians letting out war whoops, piled onto the cab of the engine, pulled the engineer and the fireman out, and shot and scalped them in the most brutal manner.

The brakeman and conductor in the caboose at the rear of the train heard the yelling and rifle shots, sprang from the rear end and raced up the tracks. They met a train that was following close on the paces of the wrecked one, and flagged it down. The train was at once slammed into reverse, and a hasty return to Plum Creek was commenced, for help and re-enforcements.

The raiding Indians lost no time in taking torches from the firebox of the locomotive and starting a roaring fire all up and down the line of wrecked cars. But not before they had broken into the merchandise cars and plundered everything.

The yelling savages gathered bales of cotton calicoes, boxes of tobacco, sacks of flour, saddles, ribbons, and velvets. One of the cars was loaded with a complete stock of millinery for the frontier women who dressed gaudily.

A few of the half-naked warriors kindled a huge fire nearby, not far from the box cars they had plundered. The warriors of the jubilant old Turkey Foot decorated themselves with gaudy pieces of the bright cloth goods, velvets, and ribbons, making a garish array of many colors. The scalp locks of the chanting warriors were likewise adorned; and the Nebraska frontier scene became one great big jubi-

The scene is the Union Pacific Railroad depot in 1868. Those who travelled the rails feared Indian raids and other ills. To end the Indian trouble that existed they called Thompson.

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lant night for the Cheyennes.

TO MAKE BAD matters worse, one of the freight cars was loaded with whisky destined for the saloons along the line. The marauding savages lost no time in knocking one of the heads from the whisky barrels, and swarming around it. They commenced to gulp down the contents in huge draughts. The brains of the savages were soon fired. A vociferous war song soon erupted as they became inebriated, and the warriors danced about and displayed furious gesticulations over the horrible raid they had just made.

All the time this was taking place, Thompson remained hidden, and suffering in the grass along the railroad tracks. Despite the excruciating pain he felt, and the immediate assistance he needed, he remained quiet.

With the approach of dawn the Indians had the entire train in a roaring fire, and while the flames spread and crackled throughout the line of box cars, the wind added vigor to the spreading flames.

The Cheyennes danced and held high carnival! And old Chief Turkey Foot was well pleased with the damage his warriors had brought upon the railroad people.

When it seemed no other hideous work remained for the savages they gathered up the bodies of the engineer and the fireman and tossed them into the roaring flames of the freight cars. Thompson, gritting his teeth, watched the macabre performance as the stench of burning human flesh spread over the area.

After a time the tempo of the savages seemed to subside somewhat. The whisky was not depleted as there was a carload of it; but the Indians were so drunk they couldn't drink much more. Thompson soon realized his first chance for an escape had approached. He began to crawl away into the night, cautiously. At a little distance from the band of drunken savages, he picked up more speed, *with his own bloody scalp tucked under his arm.*

He soon reached Willow Island Station, not far back up the tracks, and was taken by a party of rescuers to a hospital in Omaha. An engine and a caboose made the hurried run.

Two doctors named Peck and Moore were called to attend William Thompson. They placed the scalp in a bucket of cold water to soak while they made preparations for a grafting. They explained to Thompson that they thought it could be grafted back onto his skull, and commenced the operation.

But something unexpected happened; the grafting didn't "take"!

Despite the failure to replace the scalp, Thompson recovered from the ordeal, and became a healthy man. He lived a long life, in a black skull cap!

For many years his scalp floated in a jar of alcohol, on exhibit, in the Omaha museum.

The raiding Cheyennes of old Turkey Foot were not to go unpunished. On August 9, the North Pawnee Scouts caught up with the one hundred warriors near Plum Creek Ranch. They killed fifteen, and captured two of the braves, one squaw, and a thirteen-year-old boy. It was the last foray for Turkey Foot, and his warriors.

The morning after the Indian massacre, the remains of the fireman and the engineer were fitted into two boxes, thirty by twelve inches in size, and laid to rest.

It might be said that Thompson was lucky that he only lost his scalp. ●

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SECRET OF THE MURDERERS LOOT

(Continued from page 19)

authorities) to... recognize the rights belonging to Canada as a party to the existing treaty, and facilitate, not obstruct, a country whose only fault may be that in the administration of justice she is more tenacious in effort... quicker to try, as slow to condemn, and swifter to execute than any other constitutional government on the American continent."

Finally Washington was moved to action, but not of the kind British Columbia was hoping for. Instead, convinced by Ryan's facile arguments, the extradition order was quashed! Stunned but not beaten, Mr. Irving's squad immediately countered with another affidavit, this time that of Manvel Drainard.

Once again the Canadians went before Commissioner Spencer, and once again he heard Ryan's tirades and writs of habeas corpus. And once again the weary commissioner accepted British Columbia's case, committing Kelly for extradition. Jubilant with victory at last, Irving and his witnesses headed home, leaving the constables to follow with the prisoner.

This time it had been Ryan's turn to express amazement. He and his two colleagues had constructed what he considered a perfect battery of nine defense witnesses, "... four to prove an alibi and five to impeach the veracity of the witnesses for the crown.

"These witnesses for the defense had been, in November, 1884, engaged on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and in Kootenay district it would have been easy to show the reputations they had there earned for themselves. But at St. Paul it was almost impossible to do so. All the prosecution could do was to show by the inconsistencies in their evidence that their story was not worthy of credence. This was undertaken by the prosecution, and, as the commissioner has committed the prisoner, we may presume it was attended with success."

The Colonist ended with a last complaint: "The proceedings were conducted with a licence that would not be tolerated in a magistrate's court in this country—the prisoner enjoying a cigar and conversing with his many sympathizers." But, "towards the close of the case, it was evident that the long strain on his nervous system was beginning to tell, and once the court had to adjourn temporarily on account of his ill health."

Then, for British Columbia, disaster. Ryan returned from a second visit to Washington with a final decision—from President Grover Cleveland himself. It was the old story of backroom politics; apparently Ryan had told the president of Kelly's past good work for the Minnesota Democratic Party, and so on.

At that time, when rebellion raged in Ireland, the Emerald Isle population of the U.S. had a loud, strong voice election-wise. And they loyally backed their old-country compatriot to a man, no doubt believing he was being persecuted. It would be politically unwise, advised Ryan, if Kelly were turned over to the barbarous British in Canada. Kelly might not have garnered so much loyalty had his friends known he was born Edward Loughlin—in Illinois!

Whatever, Kelly was now a free man.

Said "*Bulldog*:" "It is good news... I have no idea as to whether the Canadian authorities will carry the matter further, but I don't propose to stand any more of it. It is a persecution of the worst kind, and ought to stop right here. I've been in confinement eight months for nothing, as the decision shows. The stories of my being well supplied with money are not true. I had $10 when I was arrested, and with the exception of $100 paid Mr. Steenerson for me, that is all the lawyers have received for my case. If the Canadian authorities push it further, I'll bring up stronger evidence than shown yet."

Moaned the *Colonist*: "... Money and political influence have been too potent, and Kelly is now treading the firm soil and breathing the pure air of a country where all are free—free to make justice a travesty, to treat murder as a joke, and to turn a criminal trial and sentence into a mockery—if they do but possess the subtle key to the necessary mechanism...

"Kelly may be legally free, but he goes forth with a red stain upon his conscience, if he has any, and with a liberty that is conditional upon his never placing his feet upon British soil. Until then his crime rests between himself and his Maker. As it is, the United States is responsible... for prostituting its freedom by wrapping its flag around the body of a *prima facie murderer*..."

The St. Paul *Irish Standard* editorialized back, "Kelly, the accused, remained for a considerable time in the northwest after the murder, unmolested, and it was not until he had crossed the line into the United States that the bloodhounds of the so-called British justice, true to the instincts of their bloodthirsty ancestors, came in pursuit, endeavoring to trample down every vestige of justice and fair play in our midst, and drag the object of their enmity again into their kennels and consign him, as many an honest Irishman has been consigned before, to an ignominious death on the scaffold whose bloodstains, like the blood of Abel, cry aloud for vengeance on the cowardly curs who have so often besmeared it with the heart's blood of the bravest and true. The Canadian government has already spent $30,000 on the case through the instrumentality of a corduroyed, tight-pants... lawyer they sent here, who knew well that the guilty party was not Kelly."

Whew!

Bulldog Kelly drifted back into anonymity for the next two years. His name again graced newspapers from Minnesota to British Columbia when it was reported, in January, 1888, that he had been lynched for unstated activities in Colorado. This, however, was but "a case of somebody having been 'stuffed,' as Kelly is leading a peaceful and Christian life in Massachusetts."

But even Kelly's powerful friends could not save him from ultimately standing before a more potent bar of justice—fate. In April, 1890, he was working as a brakeman on the North Pacific Railway. One afternoon, as the freight slowed to enter Helena, Kelly ran along the cars to his post. Suddenly, with a scream, he tripped and fell between two cars.

Unlike his leap to freedom from another train, six years before, this was the end. When his comrades rushed back to him, he was alive but beyond help. Both legs had been crushed below the knees and he died on the operating table. Death had come to Bulldog Kelly, onetime terror of the Kootenays.

And the $4,500? Well, just minutes before the accident, Kelly had been chatting with his crewmen in the caboose. He had mentioned retirement; this was his last trip. After Helena, he was heading to British Columbia, where he would come into some money. And he winked at the others.

Kelly faced a hangman's noose if he set foot in British Columbia. Which meant he must have cached the loot under a log or rock in the Kootenays back in '84. And there it must be today, if time and weather have not disposed of it, awaiting some lucky treasure hunter. But, as the police had grimly observed when chasing Kelly so many years ago: *It's a big country, and rugged.*

Even today, civilization has made few major changes to the mountainous Kootenays. With a few minor exceptions, it is much like the wilderness Kelly knew when outrunning the Canadian posses, many, many years ago.

If anyone is interested in chasing down this lost hoard, we'd like to wish them happy hunting. And good luck.

You'll need it! ●

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THE FOOTLOOSE FIDDLER

(Continued from page 13)

Music got the better of Charlie Jones when he was only 13 years old. He took all his savings from newspaper sales, borrowed four more dollars from his brother, and bought his first horn.

"Oh, how everybody laughed," he grins, "when a bunch of us would get together to make music. They called it the 'Scrap Iron Band'."

In the next few years, not content to play just the bass horn, Fudger graduated to the valve trombone, then the slide trombone, the baritone and finally to the trumpet. He was making music every chance he got until his 20th birthday when he submitted to the infectious urging of show business and decided to seek out employment as a musician with a traveling theatrical show.

The old trouper's eyes sparkle and gleam with pride when he tells of joining the Chase-Lister tent show in 1906 and of the nine years spent with the company—a rollicking nine years which took him into hundreds of towns in Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota, Arkansas and extensively throughout the state of Texas.

This was at a time when everyone thought of Chic Sale as a hilarious pantomime comic rather than as a synonym for an unglamorous backyard outhouse. It was a time when the world already had a pretty good mousetrap, and a nickle would buy lots of things, including a good cigar; and a time when a tomato was not only something that could be sliced up and added to lettuce and bacon to make a tasty sandwich but also referred to any tasty tidbit with the audacity to flirt with boys, and wear her skirts a shocking three or four inches above her shoetops!

It was also a time when show owners watched the bankroll as closely as they watched the sheriff, and they wanted entertainers who not only could play good music, but who could also step up on the stage in a pinch and act out a part with no hesitation. The Chase-Lister repertoire included 14 plays, allowing the troupe to stay two full weeks in each town, offering a different show every night. But a sudden illness in the speaking cast could thrust a bandsman into the part of a heavy one night and present him as a hero the next, and so it was important that everyone in the troupe learn the lines and gestures right along with the headliners. The owners were interested in recruiting anyone talented but, more than that, they needed cooperation.

People were glad to see the Chase-Lister group come to town. More than once, for a worthy cause, Billy Lister would allow the entire gate receipts to be kept by the town for a charitable local cause. Sometimes it was a special case and Billy would agree to the donation on the spur of the moment, but the important point is that a member of the Chase-Lister troupe never had to worry that he wasn't welcome when he stepped off the train. Lister also screened his personnel carefully to exclude all roughnecks.

"We didn't have any 'Hey Rube' stuff with our groups," Charlie adds. "Just good good people. None of the women were even allowed to smoke in public. We always figured some of them lit up their cigarets in their own rooms but Billy Lister never caught 'em at it.

"Mrs. Lister was a sort of mother to us single boys in the cast," he recalled. "She had an eye like an eagle and if we got the notion we wanted to go out and do something bad we knew we'd have to be damned careful or she'd sure as hell catch us at it. Then we'd catch it good."

General admission was a dime and they usually packed the tent if the weather was favorable. Flip-backed chairs cost a quarter and reserved seats were 35 cents. A good night's show could bring in $250 and that was "pretty good sugar," he said. "Where else could a person go without much money and see top-notch entertainment for a thin dime?"

The show made good money generally, especially if the weather was good. When Lister had it he spread it around fairly, Charlie explained. Once, in Texas, after Fudger contracted typhoid fever, Lister paid all the bills, transporting him from stop to stop in the baggage car of the train, and never docking him one penny for all the 16 weeks of his illness.

"Lister looked on tent show performers as professionals and held an extreme dislike for carnival artists, audibly denouncing them as trash.

"When Billy Lister was tearing the tickets at the gate he wouldn't even let a carni into the tent, if he recognized the person. He had his own saying about carnival performers, too."

Charlie explained: "He always said (perhaps unfairly) that '... All it takes is a pound of hamburger and a whore, and right away they think they're in show business'."

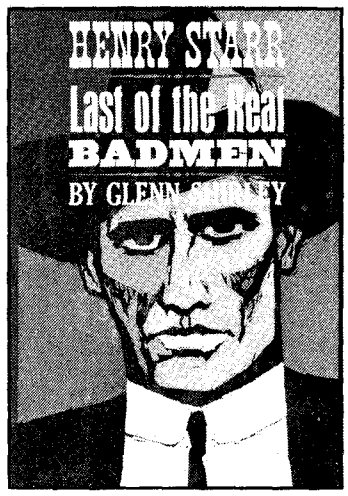
Charlie fell heir to his first real violin in 1909 or 1910 when a fellow performer found he couldn't repay a $10 loan and offered Charlie the fiddle to satisfy the debt—just before the borrower left town. Charlie claims he "... didn't know a darned thing about a stringed instrument but there were a number of people around who did, and they helped me to learn to play it."

With such coaching, Fudger was soon sawing out ditties on his violin with the same ease and confidence he exhibited on his horns. This made him even more valuable to the show.

(Continued on page 60)

HENRY STARR DIDN'T LIVE A DULL LIFE

Convicted of killing a deputy U.S. marshal ... Twice sentenced to die on the gallows and twice commuted... Fifteen year sentence to federal prison commuted... Just seven years later sentenced to prison again for bank robbery... Two years after parole from Colorado prison, wounded and captured in double bank robbery in Oklahoma... Sentenced to 25 years, granted parole after four, and went straight... Produced motion picture showing crime doesn't pay... Two years later fatally wounded in bank robbery...



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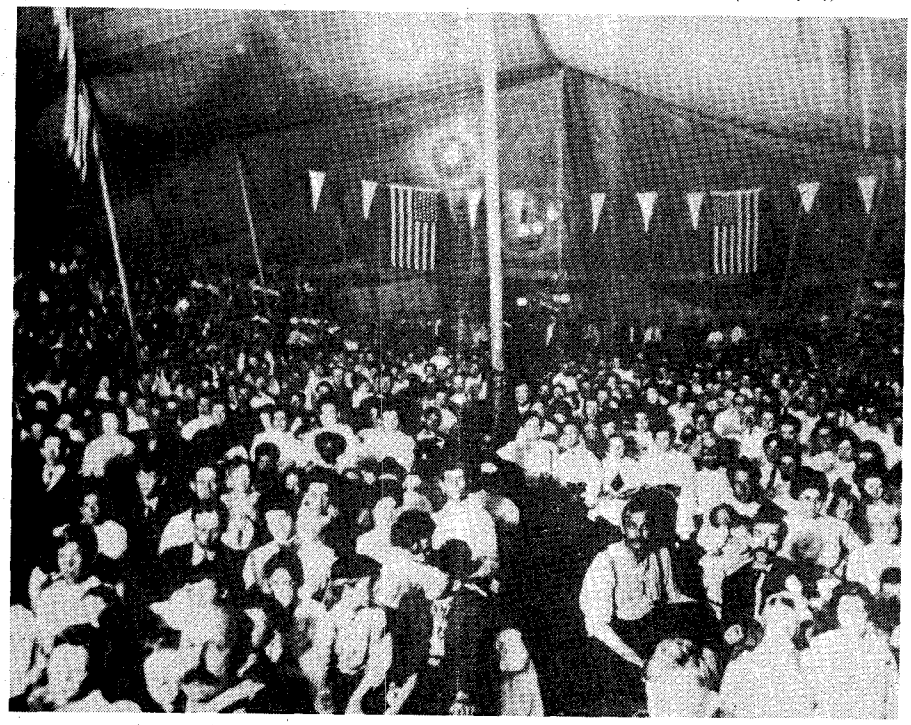
THE FOOTLOOSE FIDDLER

(Continued from page 59)



Spectators usually jammed Chase-Lister tent to see their shows.

In the next few years Charlie fiddled his way through a multitude of towns as the Chase-Lister show made the circuit. Generally he was down in front providing his part of the background music for the actors, but occasionally, during an emergency, Charlie went on stage, acting out parts in shows like Uncle Tom's Cabin, East Lynn, and anything else that required the services of a cool-nerved actor in a hurry.

The white-haired performer remembers with a grin the night he brought the house down with laughter and caused the show's lines to be partially re-written. It was during the showing of "The Moonshiner's Daughter" and Fudger had been hastily tagged to play the part of the villain's assistant in the melodrama. The script called for a hanging and Charlie was supposed to walk on stage at the right moment carrying the fatal rope.

"Our property manager forgot to get a length of rope before the show started," Charlie chuckled. "I looked everywhere in that damned theatre I could think of and there just wasn't any rope. There wasn't any rope anywhere and there wasn't any time to leave the theatre, and I kept on looking . . . until I heard my cue.

"I guess lots of show people would have got panicky in a case like that," he reflected, "but I've never had stagefright in my life. I just walked out there and announced to the heavy: 'There ain't no rope anywhere around here, Boss. I guess we'll just have to shoot this one'."

The audience thought the line was terrific and so did Billy Lister. After that, when "Moonshiner's Daughter" took to the stage, Charlie Jones' improvised line was always included.

For a performance of "East Lynn" Lister had hired a small boy to portray the part of "Little Willie" in the show. Little Willie had no speaking lines but was scripted to die at the conclusion of a tear-jerking monologue by the leading lady. But, at the proper time, the youngster refused to lie down and play dead. Much to the leading lady's chagrin, and the audience's sheer delight, the tot merely sat there in his crib—picking his nose.

Charlie's blood boiled fiercely one day when a fellow cast member decided to play a joke on him. The troupe had been billeted a few blocks from their tent theatre and it was necessary to walk through the red-light district in order to get to work. Usually the bandsmen played snappy marches as they stepped brightly along. This passed the time quickly, kept the band in tune and whetted the appetites of all citizens who watched them from the sidewalks.

On that particular day, Charlie remembers, all windows were open along the line of "red-light" houses and the tenants were coyly draped in the openings as the band approached. Just as the band finished one number, but before it could begin another, one of the ladies remarked in a loud tone to the girl at the next window sill:

"Which one is it?"

To which the other girl replied, in a tone even louder: "That little short man in the lead with the trombone. That's Mr. Jones. We all know him!"

And then, Charlie added, every girl in every window started to laugh and cheer.

"I knew one of those fellows had put those girls up to it," he said, "so when we got over to the tent I lined them all up and I hollered out: 'The guy that done that step out here 'cause I'm gonna whip you'."

No takers, of course, but about a year later Charlie learned that his good friend, the show's midget, had paid the girls a dollar each to act out the stunt.

Charlie was standing on a railroad platform one night in 1916 when a train bearing members of another troupe, the Lindsay show, made a short stop. Recognizing Mrs. Lindsay seated near one of the windows, Fudger walked over to say hello while the train was stopped. The coach was moving again when a beautiful young actress seated behind Mrs. Lindsay leaned forward to inquire as to the identity of the young man on the train platform a few minutes before.

"That's Charlie Jones," Mrs. Lindsay replied. "He's traveled the circuits for a good many years. He can play any horn that's ever been built," the young girl was told. "And he's not a bad actor, and he shows up real good with a violin or a mandolin, too."

"Well, I think he's cute," Violet Mortimer whispered. "You could even call him a footloose fiddler, couldn't you?" she questioned, giggling. Then Violet settled back in her chair to think about the young musician she had only seen for a moment, not knowing it would be more than a year until she would see him again.

Violet found herself in Waterloo, Iowa, the following year and discovered Charlie playing for a street concert. This time she asked Mrs. Lindsay to introduce them, after which the good-looking fiddler invited her to lunch with him at the local ice cream parlor.

"He looked so handsome in his bright red uniform and gold braid," she said, "that I guess that's where I met my Waterloo, all right."

Violet and Charlie both had jobs with the Lindsay Show when the next season opened. The biggest event of the tour that year was a blowdown in Winterset, Iowa, which could very easily have turned into a king-sized tragedy.

Members of the band were standing either at the entrance or just outside the tent tuning their instruments when the wind began to blow fiercely that night in 1917. Cast actors were in their dressing rooms putting on makeup and getting ready for the evening's show. Most everyone was expecting a poor turnout because the day's weather had been so bad. Then the storm started in for real. Canvas began to slap and bang overhead, sending a fearsome chill through the hearts of the concerned performers.

"It was really whippin'," Charlie recalled. "We all knew when those quarter bolts danced around it was time to get out

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of there fast."

In obedience to shouted commands to vacate the tent, everyone, including Violet, dashed to safety just before the canvas collapsed to the ground, the wind continuing to smash and bust up wooden bleachers into a tangled pile of splintered boards.

"We saw the mess the next morning after the wind died down," Charlie said. "The canvas was torn in hundreds of places and the wooden bleachers were just piles of broken sticks. Everyone pitched in to repair the canvas and build new bleachers and clean the place up. We didn't give a show that night but by the next evening we had contracted with the local theatre and we played there to packed audiences for the rest of our stint in Winterset."

After a whirlwind courtship during the tour, Charlie and Violet decided to marry by the time the troupe reached Albia, Iowa. This would take a little finagling, the pair soon learned.

"You have to have someone swear they knew both parties for a long time before those authorities would even issue a license," Charlie explained. "Heck, I never was married before and I sure didn't know anything about the procedure. So I just went out on the street and walked around until I ran into a fellow I'd played with in a band a few years before. I told him my problem.

"He'd never even seen Violet before but he walked into the courthouse with me and swore he'd known both of us all our lives. Can't remember his name. We'd only played one or two shows together before that and I haven't seen him since. We got the license, though, and it only goes to show the wonderful kind of people you find in show business."

After about a year Violet retired from show business, leaving the footlights, the glare and the glory entirely in the hands of her capable husband. Charlie continued to toot and fiddle his way around the country for a few more years, playing street concerts and theatre shows, grinding out not only the favorite marches but new musical styles called jazz and ragtime. Songs like "Dill Pickles" and "Maple Leaf Rag" were popular then with the younger set but brought sneers of displeasure from the era's older generation, who looked on the snappy music as trash.

Charlie nearly made it out of show business when he tried his hand at carpentry in the early 30's. A lack of work during the depression years pushed him back into the entertainment field, something which didn't hurt his feelings in the least.

"People often ask me," Charlie reflects, "why I ever decided to go into a business where I'd have to spend so much time on the road. Even if you forget about the fun, the excitement, the travel and all the wonderful people you meet, there was still pretty good sugar to be made. Store clerks were getting $8 per week for six 14-hour days and laborers earned fifteen cents an hour.

"I got $16 a week working in the orchestra and I didn't work no 12 or 14 hours a day, either. Not only that, but I liked the work."

Charlie has been using part of his retired time during the last eight or 10 years to repair and re-condition old violins. Occasionally he entertains other residents of the court by playing his fiddle for them, a well-preserved violin built in 1735.

There aren't many old-timers around any more who can remember the way a genuine tent show really worked, or how to put on an honest-to-goodness street concert, or the downright kick in the pants the band got when they snapped to attention and stepped out brightly, sounding out their march music for all to hear as they covered the distance from the hotel to the theatre. Charles Jones remembers all this, and most of the people who helped make that part of our history, and he feels he could even be the last surviving member of any show he ever did back near the turn of the century.

In our modern society, the way most youngsters look at it, Charles Jones' kind of show business was the very squarest, if you consider that jazz, ragtime and street marches lack the outright confusion and wildness apparently demanded by today's young music enthusiasts. The kind of music that Charlie Jones played is still revered by the people who grew up with it but it's held as old-fashioned by an up-and-coming generation who only think of "Dill Pickles" as something you get with a pastrami sandwich and "Maple Leaf Rag" as a psychedelic pennant you always wave violently during a Canadian hockey match.

Chic Sale doesn't excite many people any more but he wowed 'em good in 1910 with his hilarious routines in offerings like "Passing Show," just like the great Lillian Russell did when she appeared in "Pastime" and used her charm, talent and beauty to capture every heart in the theatre. Hardly anyone except Charlie Jones remembers a now obscure comic named Al Bridges, who had people clutching their sides with laughter in the tents but fell flat on his banana when he tried to make it big in talking pictures.

"Show business is something that works its way into your bloodstream and it's next to impossible to get it out," Charlie remarked, glancing down at a huge carton containing hundreds of photographs from the past.

"People who never went into show business like I did got along all right, I suppose. But," he added, eyes twinkling, "they also missed out on a hell of a lot of fun."

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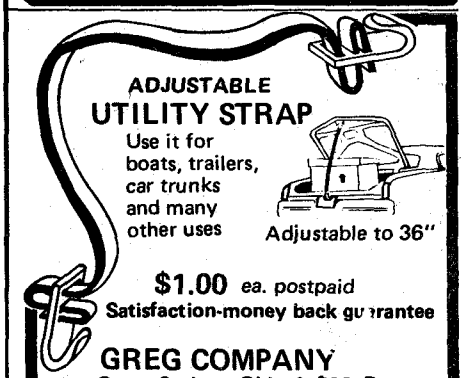

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GOOD DALTON BOY

(Continued from page 43)

shot that knocked Frank Dalton and Jim Cole from their horses. Cole staggered to his feet and began firing though blood gushed down his arm onto the revolver barrel.

His chest shattered, Frank Dalton tried to rise. His gun fell feebly from his hand. Bill Towerly dashed forward, pulled a gun and blew out his brains.

Before the battle was finished, Smith, Dixon and the woman would be slain by the remaining lawmen. Bill Towerly would escape to die much later at the hands of other marshals.

But that day of Frank Dalton's death marked a turning point in the lives of his four brothers—a turning point for the worse.

YOU WOULD think that they would have dedicated themselves to the service of the law in honor of their martyred brother. They didn't—even if to cover their own larcenous tendencies Bob, Emmett and Grat did wear the badge for a time after Frank had been murdered.

Two years of respectability were enough for them. Then they were cutting up worse than any of the lesser thieves and gunslingers that Frank Dalton trailed across the Indian Territory red hills.

Mother of the Dalton boys.

They stole horses, under the protection of their badge until they were discovered and fired. From bronc snatching, they progressed to train robbing. At Coffeyville, Kansas, on October 5th, 1892, the trio went down because they had no better sense than to try tackling two banks in one raid on the streets of their old home town where everybody knew them.

Dead like Frank Dalton—Bob and Grat, but unlike him, dead without honor. Emmett was shot to pieces but recuperated in the waiting penitentiary, and died less than two years later. Bill Dalton, learning no lesson from Coffeyville, was slain June 8th, 1894, by Deputy Marshal Loss Hart in Oklahoma after robbing a bank in Texas. ●

COURAGE OF ROBERT AND LUCY GILBERT

(Continued from page 41)

night and the tribulations of Gilbert and his neighbors increased.

Their cattle were stolen, not whole herds as before, but one or two at a time, which made it difficult to trace the rustlers. Gilbert and his neighbors banded together to protect their stock with some success.

Stolen cattle was not the only problem. Ruffians would ride up to the ranch house, shoot the windows out and demand money. The story is told about how Billy the Kid went to the door of Gilbert's ranch house and demanded whisky, which the rancher didn't have. The kid left his calling card of seven bullet holes in the hand-hewn front door.

The more rustlers stole from Gilbert and his neighbors, and the more ruffians annoyed them, the firmer became the determination of Gilbert and the others to remain in their valley. In the end law and order finally won, although it took many years before the valley was really safe.

BACHELOR ranch life was a lonely one in that sparsely settled region. Gilbert and cattle king John Chisum were friends, so meeting Chisum one day the new settler asked if he knew some good, young lady back in Texas who might like to become a New Mexico ranch wife.

"Yes," replied Chisum, he believed he did know just such a girl and he would write her and acquaint her with his friend's desire to wed.

A short while later Lucy Jane Perkins arrived overland from Campbell, Texas, to become Mrs. Robert Gilbert and life began to hum on the Penasco. Mrs. Gilbert proved to be not only a hard worker and a fine manager, but a good companion as well.

A large adobe addition, with a cellar underneath, was made to the house. The herds, fields and orchards continued to prosper and the lawless element began to retreat before the advance of law and order.

Soon a grist mill was built, utilizing for power, water from the large irrigation ditch which ran near the house.

Many new settlers had followed Gilbert's example and the Pecos and Penasco Valleys became well populated with farms and ranches. Charlie Cole, who came to the Penasco in 1887, recalls that as a boy he hauled grain to Gilbert's mill to be ground into meal.

As the surrounding country began to be settled Roswell, as well as Seven Rivers, became a place of some importance. Steve Mendenhall, with partner Pat Garrett, the slayer of Billy the Kid, started a stage line connecting the two villages with Pecos City, Texas. The Gilberts, with an eye for business, enlarged their house to provide facilities for a stage station where passengers and other travelers could obtain meals and lodging. A large stable accommodated the travelers' teams and mounts and the stages changed teams there. A Mexican cook, Alphonso Nuevo, nicknamed Fancie, remained with the Gilberts as an indispensable member of the household for many years.

This was at the end of the '80's, just as a huge irrigation project was started, with dams and miles upon miles of canals built to provide water from the Hondo and Pecos Rivers for farming. The Pecos Valley, even though still predominately cow country, had ditches everywhere. The plow and hoe superseded the longhorn and the boisterous cowboy. 30 miles south, the town of Eddy came into existence on the west bank of the Pecos as a supply center for the stream of incoming farmers. In 1892 the editor of the *Eddy Argus* visited the Gilberts and wrote a glowing account of their success as farmers, ranchers and roadhouse keepers. He stressed the fact that Gilbert had been one of the earliest settlers there and that he was one of the last of the old frontiersmen.

The orchards, wind breaks and a profusion of rose bushes were mentioned. Chickens, turkeys and horses were everywhere about the farm yard, well fed and contributing to the peaceful domestic scene. Back of the house there was a deep pool in the Penasco filled with catfish and kept clear and fresh by overflow from the dam upstream. Bordering this were two huge cottonwood trees fully five feet through.

The previous year Gilbert had harvested 1,500 bushels of fruit. Some of this had been sold, an enormous amount canned or preserved lining long rows of shelves in the cellar. After their needs were satisfied Gilbert threw his orchard open to his neighbors, for usually the settler and homesteader of the West, with a large flock of children to feed, had little or no money, and Gilbert was a kind man. His daughter tells of one woman who came to the ranch each year from her home in

The stage station on the Gilbert ranch as it is today.

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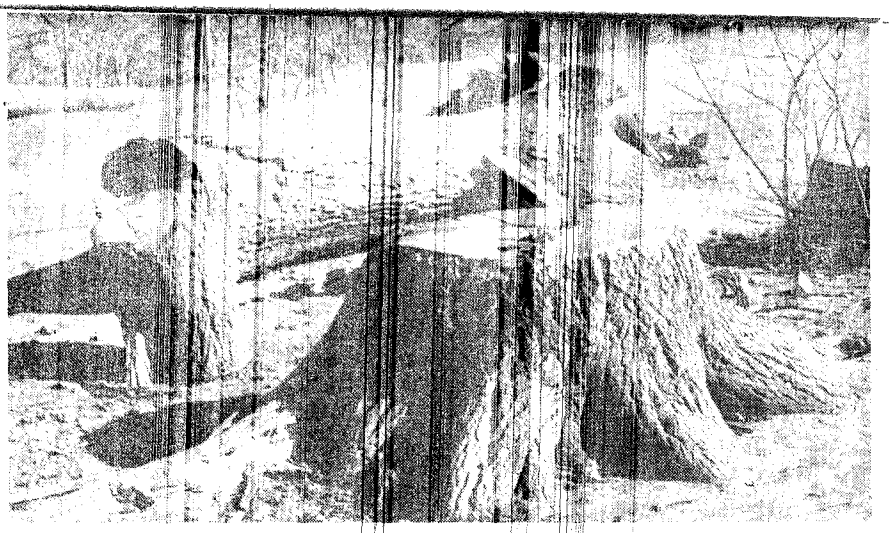

One of the huge pecan trees at the rear of the Gilbert ranch house.

an isolated area miles to the west. With her children she drove in a covered wagon, camping out along the way, to harvest the largess of Gilbert's orchards.

Other nostaglic reminiscences of the daughter's childhood include the expanse of fruit, sliced and spread on the ranch house roof to dry for future use, and the huge kettles of fruit bubbling over three outdoor fires. She kept them well stirred with a long handled wooden paddle.

The Gilbert herds now included several milch cows that furnished milk for the family and travelers, and butter, a surplus of which was sold.

"Tell your readers," said Gilbert to the editor, "that I will soon have 200,000 osage orange shoots knee high to sell for $3.00 a thousand." He stressed, in this interview, that he was not a farmer, "he just planted seeds and let things grow by themselves."

EVIDENCE indicates that settlement in the Seven Rivers region began in the early '70's. The exact date when Gilbert located in his Penasco pre-emption is not known, but his descendants say it was between 1870 and 1872. Possibly he was the first permanent settler in the middle Pecos Valley.

Another first for the old ranch house was its use as a school house. In 1893 the late Flora Stokes Ryan, Carlsbad City Librarian during World War II, taught classes of local youngsters in one room. It was the first school supported by tax money to operate between Eddy and Roswell.

In January, 1891, the Pecos Valley Railroad built into Eddy from Pecos City, providing a much needed outlet for the farm and ranch produce of the valley. The local citizenry, intensely proud of their new iron horse, promptly named the line the "Pea Vine." As the end of rails progressed up the river from Pecos the southern terminus of Mendenhall and Garrett's stage line moved correspondingly northward until Eddy was reached. For four years these stages provided the only public transportation between there and Roswell, and Gilbert's roadhouse prospered.

The reclamation of his semi-desert land had attracted a great deal of attention, both at home and abroad. At that time it was the world's largest privately financed project of its kind and hordes of land seekers and financiers looking for new investments came to the valley. If they journeyed north to Roswell, as many did, they passed by Gilbert's place. The hardships of travel, multiplied by long distances, made a stop for rest and refreshment most alluring.

In 1894 construction started on an extension of the railroad to Roswell and its completion spelled *finis* for the stage line. Gilbert's roadhouse continued to serve other travelers, however, though its heyday as a stopover was now passed.

By now, of course, law and order had sent the gun toters scurrying for more remote regions. The day of the huge, sprawling cattle ranches was ending and the Pecos Valley was known as a land of farms and orchards. Robert Gilbert, always just a bit nostalgic for the old wide open days, sold his main ranch property and moved to his land nearer the Pecos River. Soon he was gone from there too, back to California. Old age was making its marks upon a long life span of Frontier activity: Mexico, gold rush California, Indian infested Arizona, outlaw dominated southeastern New Mexico —all these were gone now, overrun by pioneer progress and new civilization.

As Gilbert, in the early years of 1900, journeyed by rail back to New Mexico to join his son, Robert L., now a rancher and mine operator near Deming, he must certainly have been amazed by the passage of time and advancing civilization.

Robert Gilbert died in Deming in 1907 and was buried in Artesia. But the Gilbert Ranch drama did not quite fade from the stage of life. The old ranch house still stands, feeble and tottering. The orchards, once so famous in the Pecos Valley, are gone; the rows of osage orange trees that shielded the more delicate fruit trees remain. The grist mill, victim of one of those vicious flash floods so characteristic of southwestern desert water courses, has disappeared along with the orchards.

Tales of buried treasure, are inseparable from practically all historic sites in the West. One legend says that a treasure lies somewhere about the old house and is attested to by numerous holes dug nearby, much to the disgust of the present owner.

The old house will not resist the passage of much more time, but there is one small portion of it that will certainly be preserved for posterity. Robert Gilbert's daughter has in her possession, and expects to donate to some historical association, an old hand-hewn wooden door from the oldest section, studded with seven bullet holes, put there, she says, by Billy the Kid trying to kill her father because he refused to furnish the little outlaw with a sufficient supply of whisky. This could very well be true too, for this was definitely Billy the Kid country. ●

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OLD TIMERS CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

go see if it was one of our cows or horses so I could make a report on it.

Riding up on the area I spooked off a flock of vultures and magpies. Lo and behold there lay three sheep the coyotes had pulled down the previous night or the day before. I thought about skinning them but then it might become a question of how the sheep died and my proving the right to have the hides. So I forthwith got my sack down and started pulling the wool. Needless to say, I could see that if the coyotes would just cooperate I would

(Continued on page 66)

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 9)

JERRY RODRIGUEZ (27)
508½ N. Bakez
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INTERESTED IN: A little of everything.
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BUD PRESSON (30)
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WANTED: Teenagers.

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Buena Park, Calif. 90620
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WANTED: Ancestors of old heroes or people who have experience in ghost towns.

ISAAC WHITE (21)
Rt. 1 Box 399
Eudora, Ark. 71640
INTERESTED IN: Football, car racing
WANTED: Anyone.

KATIE LESTER (60)
P.O. Box 205
Apple Valley, Calif. 92307
INTERESTED IN: Fishing, hunting, sports, home life.
WANTED: Anyone of the same age.

MERRYLEE ALTHAUSER (23)
P.O. Box #2
Cathlamet, Wash. 98612
INTERESTED IN: Motorcycle racing, Indian history.
WANTED: Anyone.

ANN RITTER (10)
Box 234 Rt. 1
Mustang, Okla. 73064
INTERESTED IN: Horses, hiking, history.
WANTED: Anyone.

SUSAN CAMPIGNO (14)
Box 91A R.D. #1
Athens, New York 12015
INTERESTED IN: History, traveling, skating, baseball.
WANTED: Indian and western pen pals.

SUSAN SCHWINN (14)
Box 91C R.D. #1
Athens, N.Y. 12015
INTERESTED IN: Swimming, cooking, writing.
WANTED: Anyone.

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Greenville, Texas 75401
INTERESTED IN: Indian relics, archeology, ghost towns.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

CARL GARRETT (22)
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Fort Worth, Texas 76119
INTERESTED IN: Bowling, reading, football, theater.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

PATTY BALLARD (20)
Box 417X
Paynes Creek, Calif. 96075
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WANTED: People.

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Weiser, Idaho 83672
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WANTED: Anyone having photographs of the early Sneed lines.

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WANTED: Anyone 54+ who enjoys farming, camping, caves.

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(Continued from page 65)

attain my goal.

From then on when I was riding across the prairie and saw a vulture or two circling in the sky I'd ride in to see if I would get more wool or just find a horse or cow critter whose brand I would jot down plus the location.

That fall when we went to town for our winter supplies I had quite a load of sacked wool piled on the wagon. It was a fact my father did not appreciate as I think any of the family having anything to do with a stinking sheep kinda turned him sour.

However, after considerable pleading and coaxing I got him to concede. He said I would have to make my own deal as he would not have anything to do with the stinking things.

When we got into town by inquiring around I found where the sheep men sold their wool. I drove down there and when the buyer came to look at it he said the wool he bought in generally is in the fleece, not loose. But being it looked like rather clean wool and it was well sacked he'd take it, though it was not his habit to do so.

On weighing it out he wrote me a check for it and I jumped on the wagon and headed for the mercantile store where I knew my father was gathering his supplies.

Tying the team to the hitch rack, I strolled in and right back to several bikes that were on a rack. On checking the price tag and then my check I realized I lacked two dollars.

So I went over to Dad and said, "Pa, could you let me have some money to help pay for my bike?"

He said, "No, son. I said if you wanted one of those fool things you'd have to get your own money."

I felt really down as it was late in the fall, nearly school time. In fact, school had already started and we wouldn't be coming to town for some weeks again. The store keeper, noting my downhearted look, came around the counter while Dad was looking at some harnesses and asked, "How much money do you have?"

I showed him the check and he turned to Dad and said, "Charley, I'd like to see this boy have this bike. I can see his heart is set on it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take this check and split the balance with you."

He had Dad on the spot. After a pause Dad said, "Okay, how much do you need?"

The merchant said a buck.

Well sir, Dad just stood there for the longest time looking at that harness. Then he spun around and said, "Is that all? Son, why in hell didn't you say that was all you needed?"

When we returned to the ranch I was standing in the back of the wagon holding the bike in an upright position for everyone to see and hoping everyone in the community would be on the road to see it.

From then on when I went to school on those cold winter days I didn't have to feel sorry for my horse standing out there humped up against the storm. And do you know I didn't get any more kidding about the sheep or wool or sheep ticks from then on!

PROSPECTORS CABIN ON BOULDER RIDGE

THIS STORY PERTAINS to a lonely old cabin of one room in northern Colorado near the Colorado-Wyoming line. It lay about 20 miles up in the hills from the old Oregon Trail, which is a highway now.

Bill R. and I were riding in that area looking for strays when we first located the cabin and felt it would be good to contact the owner and perhaps have a meal with him and stay overnight as that would be lots more comfortable than bedding down under a tree with our blanket.

Anyway, we rode up and looked the cabin over and Bill said, "Probably a prospector due to the equipment around the area." I agreed, as there were many prospectors in that part of the country being grubstaked by other people.

After awhile, as we didn't get an answer to our hailing, we decided he was probably out over the country out of sight. So we decided we'd go in and build a fire and start to prepare a meal, which was customary in that country at the time.

On entering the cabin, which held a bed, a table, a chair and a small open hearth cook stove plus a wooden cupboard, we saw the old prospector on the bed with nothing on but his long handled underwear. He had expired sometime before that, which was quite a shock to yours truly.

So I said to Bill, "What now old man? Lets get to heck out of here."

But he, being the slow, easy going guy he was, said, "No I reckon not, being as how we found the old fellow we should at least see that he gets a decent burial."

I said, "We can't bury him. The law would be hunting us if anyone happened to miss him."

He said, "No. We won't bury him but we gotta notify the sheriff and let him do the honors. That's the way it's done."

So I said, "Lets go to the telegraph office and wire the sheriff."

He said, "One of us has got to stay here with him to see the varmints don't get to him."

Then I blew a fuse. I said, "I won't stay here with a dead man under no condition."

He said, "Don't get excited. I'll stay. You go get hold of the sheriff."

So I rode off down the old log road towards the highway. Finally, on coming to a ranch, I got them to drive me to the telegraph office in a car. Upon wiring the sheriff I informed him I would wait at the telegraph office to show him the way.

Well, eventually the sheriff and the coronor showed up by car. They asked if I thought we could make it by auto. I told them it might be a little rough but possibly we could make it. So we started out and as it was getting toward evening I began to get a little nervous. Anyway, we made it to the cabin after a lot of rolling rocks out of the road and shoveling dirt in some of the deeper ruts in places.

When we arrived it was completely dark. The car had fair lights but the cabin was dark. I thought Bill spooked and took off, but I remembered where the lamp was on the table from being there before.

I held the lamp high and we began to look around. Then the sheriff said to me, "Which is the dead man?"

I nearly dropped the lamp, for there on the bed all cozy under the quilts beside the old prospector was my pal—sound asleep!

Needless to say we routed him out and got the body and loaded it in the back seat of the car after preliminary procedures. Then, getting ready to go back down the road, I asked Bill if he minded riding down the road alone at night.

He said, "I ain't gonna ride down that road as dark as it is. Might break my horse's leg. No, I'll stay here and ride in tomorrow. I'll see you then at the ranch."

Boy, talk about nerve. That old boy had it. As for me I wouldn't have stayed there the rest of the night for all the tea in China. ●

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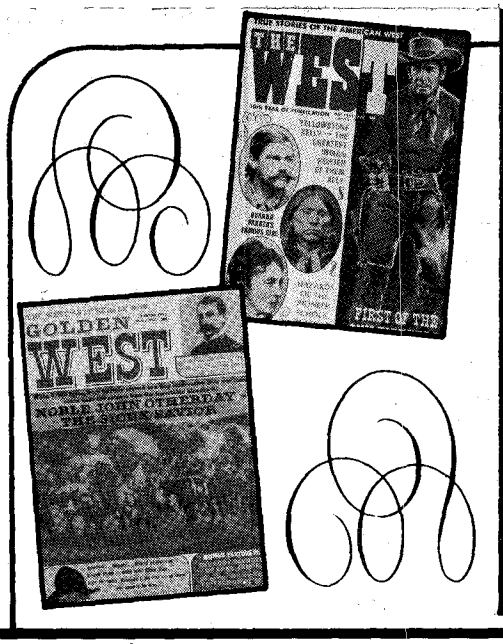

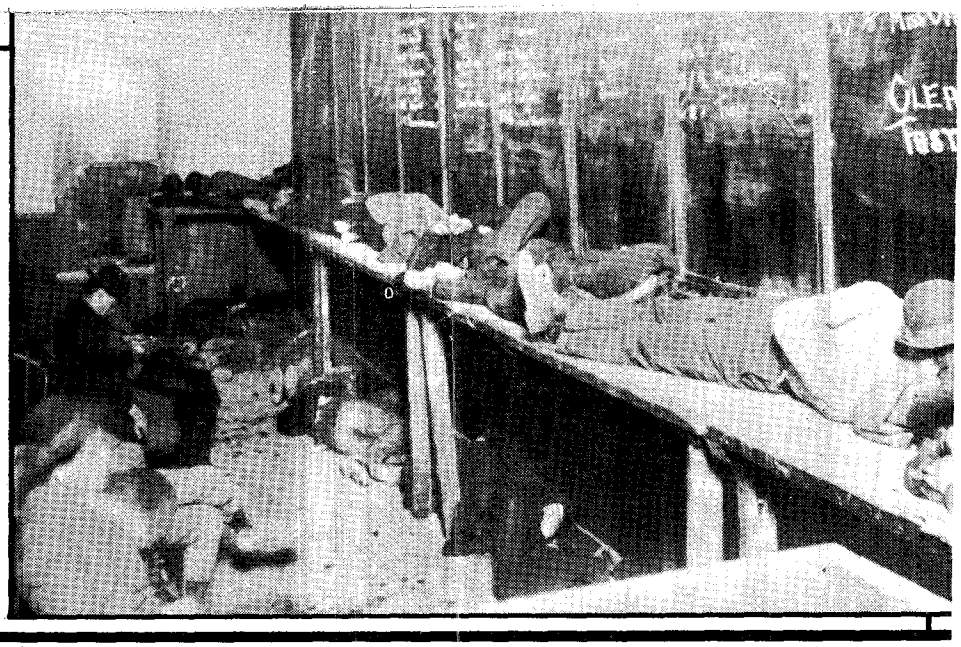

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